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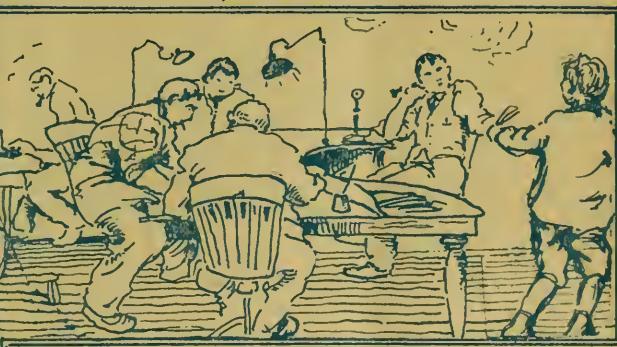


The SCOOP

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE ISSUED
EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

Vol. 2

No. 42



Saturday, October 18, 1913

Written every week by the active
members of the PRESS CLUB
comprising the working NEWSPAPER
men and other professional writers
of Chicago ~

PRICE 5 CENTS

Entered as second class matter Oct. 24, 1912 at the P.O. at Chicago, Ill. under the act of Mar. 3, 1879



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Volume II. No. 42. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1913.

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GIUBSON, SYKES & FOWLER STUDIOS.

STANLEY WATERLOO'S LAST PICTURE.

Stanley Waterloo was taken from the Club to the Chicago Union Hospital Wednesday evening of last week, in the first pains of pneumonia. At seven o'clock Saturday evening he died.

In that event, the Press Club lost one of its earliest members, and literature a fine and famous figure. Time enough has passed since *The Story of Ab* was finished to prove its value and its lasting power. It has passed the supreme test in transcending the limits of the language in which it was written, and has been republished in all the languages of Europe. Doubleday-Page in New York and Little, Brown & Company in London, have just issued a new edition of it. In many states of the Union it has a place in the supplementary reading courses. It is sound in its science and ethnology, and vivid in fancy—the first and thus far the only account of the men and beasts of the cave period. It is history in the best sense, for it recreates and makes alive again the things that were in those far days, away beyond the beginning of history as we know it.

He was the author of many other books, all of which are still selling; but it was the success of *Ab* that took him out of the newspaper field, where he had been distinguished above most of his fellows for vigor and brilliance. Only a week before leaving us, he had delivered to Doubleday-Page the last revises of a book that may excel *Ab*, which he called *The Sons of the Ages*.

It is not of the literary man alone this is being written, but of the friend, the intimate associate of many years, whom we'll see no more—and whom we loved, as men may love a man. It may be honestly said of Stanley that he never in all his life had a mean impulse or did a mean thing. He was outright in all he said or wrote or did. He had not an enemy. His going away has deeply saddened many a heart.

Funeral services were held in the Club library Monday morning. Everyone was there. The Rev. W. B. Norton, Chaplain of the Club, opened the services by saying:

"One who knew Mr. Waterloo intimately for fifteen years, who had been with him on his farm and on his travels and to whom he had revealed his thoughts in many heart to heart talks, said to me that Mr. Waterloo believed in a great and good God and in conscious immortality.

"In the first place Mr. Waterloo himself was a gift of God to the world. He was a genius with a creative mind, and as such was not the result of his environment. Shakspere in literature and Lincoln in his genius for democracy, could not be explained by their ancestry nor by their surroundings; neither could Stanley Waterloo.

"In the second place, as a nature lover Mr. Waterloo came close to God. 'The groves were God's first temples.' In bird and flower and tree, which he passionately loved and sympathetically portrayed, he came close to the Creative Spirit. He was charged with being a materialist because he taught evolution and drew the picture of prehistoric man as having certain likenesses to the soulless beasts, but on his own confession of faith he was not a materialist. One need not shut God out of evolution. Evolution may be only the method in which God works in weaving the universe.

"By his belief in immortality, Mr. Waterloo asserted his faith in spirit, for if there is anything that persists, it is the spirit and not the material frame. As a writer Mr. Waterloo has won social immortality in that he will live in the memory of his fellow men. Death has been defined as being out of correspondence with one's environment. The stone is dead to the influences that send the sap flowing through the trees and change the colors of their leaves. The tree is dead to the fears and mother love of the bird in its branches. The bird is dead to the hopes, plans and longings of the man underneath the tree. We live in proportion as we are in correspondence with the highest environment. Conscious individual immortality belongs to Mr. Waterloo, as it does to us all in the degree in which he apprehends the source of all life."

Following Doctor Norton, Frank Comerford stood at the head of the casket and delivered a eulogy.

"Stanley Waterloo gave his life to riding the trails that begin and end in questionings," said Mr. Comerford. "He brought back from his pilgrimages facts that became part of the world's knowledge. He has lighted the main trail that leads to the beyond and if today he

tents on the fields of some new Armageddon, part of the army of the great dead, we know he is prepared for a destiny of usefulness.

"Chicago may be wiped out, but as long as integrity lives 'The Story of Ab' will stand as the sum total of the world's knowledge of our first ancestors. Sixteen years it took Stanley Waterloo to write 'The Story of Ab.' Most of that time was passed in the Smithsonian Institution.

"When he completed that story, the world knew it was written by a powerful man, and all bowed to a master. At the time that the Club was anxious to secure several quotations from members of the organization typifying the real spirit, that which would be recognized as the soul's appreciation of the Club, to be engraved on a tablet, Mr. Waterloo was among those who were approached.

"You can just say for me that its a pretty good world after all."

A smile, characteristic of Stanley Waterloo only, spread over his face as he spoke those words, and the feeling expressed in his tone as well, indicated his love for the world and God."

Clem Yore read this poem (his own), "To Stanley Waterloo":

The wild duck is leaving our marshes.
The frost is tingeling the trees.
The songs of Summer are echoed
Upon the Autumn breeze.
They are bringing the firelogs homeward—
The logs of the hawthorne tree.
The Earth is turning another page
In the book of infinity.

Comrade, what is the mystery?
Where do the soul paths lead?
Whisper the secrets of silence,
Tell us Eternity's need.
What has death told you, Stanley?
Did they need you over there?
Why did the reaper call you—
You whom we could not spare?

Graced by the touch of nature,
Akin to the birds and the bees.
You who heard the grasses grow,
And the language of the trees—
Archaic were you like granite,
Serene as the willow tree,
In search always for ultimate things
For the love of humanity.

Writing whisperings of your soul,
So that mankind might heed;
Twining yourself about our lives
By the sheerness of your creed.
Now memory recalling,
Each fanciful touch of your pen,
Proudly we look at your record
Writ high on the scrolls of men.

Deep were the depths of your genius.
How strong your dislike for spoil.
Pioneer bred from a rugged stock,
Charmed by the lure of toil.
Toss back the vest for a moment.
Show us other shores and climes,
Hear "The Sons of the Ages" telling you
The tales of the worn out times.

We never intend to lose you—
For aye we will keep you here.
Blossoms of friendship we'll freshen
With moisture made from a tear.
And, Oh! the day will be splendid,
When all of us gather at last,
Where the young and the old are united
And the woes of the world are past.

Mr. Comerford, at the conclusion of his address, which closed the ceremonies, read this tribute to Stanley, written by Harry Irving Greene:

Rough hewed complete from out the living stone,
By hand that scorning figures softly lined
Struck master blows that formed a pillar lone,
He stood a stalwart shape and sharp defined.
As stands a warrior king upon his throne,
As stands a Bull Moose towering o'er his kind.

And had he thought and fought in Mammoth age,
He'd been an Ab, a chieftain of his time,
The first to slay a Sabre Tooth—a sage—
The first to hew bold deeds in rocks of lime.
He'd been the first to face the Cave Bear's rage,
The first to shape rude jargon speech to rhyme.

As to the call of memory we hark,
We see a shape that changed not through the years,
A form that rose unpliant, rugged, stark,
Well loved by those that virile strength endears.
To Death's drawn bow he stood a shining mark,
He fell unterrified; unknown to fears.

Interment was at Mount Hope, in the Club's burial plot, where Stanley sleeps now surrounded by so many of our beloved dead, whom in their mortal days he knew so well and who had always been his friends.

IT SINGETH LOW.

BY J. W. CHADWICK.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
Forever we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joys of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

The Music Stanley Wanted.

Stanley Waterloo was a lover of music and he hovered about those who came into the library of the club, while they played. Several weeks before death

claimed him, two men of the younger school entered the room and one played several airs on the piano. Mr. Waterloo was impressed, and evidently wishing to hear more music, but of a more exciting nature, he crossed the room and addressing the youth at the piano, said:

"Young man, you play well and I am impressed with your music. However, I demand that you play something diabolical."

REALITY.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF JAMI.

The soul is the only thing to prize;
Heed not the body; it is not wise. . . .
Thou hast five robbers to keep at bay,
Hearing and sight, touch, taste and smell,
So chain them up and govern them well.
Some things are real and some but seem;
The mundane things of the world are a dream. . . .
Blest is the soul that is lifted above
The paltry cares Self's selfish love,
Which adds no weight to another's care
And gives no soul a burden to bear,
Which takes what comes as its part and lot,
Which laughs at troubles and worries not,
Which sleeps without malice or fraud in its breast
And rises pure from its daily rest.

THE THOUGHT BRINGERS

Ole Wahlund—the name gives him away, he's from Minneapolis, but more recently from Indianapolis—is reading copy on the Inter Ocean. Mr. Wahlund is a new member of the Press Club, and likewise of the Fowler-Parker-James "rub" game squad.

Daniel E. Keefe of Boston is the latest joiner on the Ocean copy desk.

E. E. Irvine, news editor of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, wearing his second best hat, was at the Press Club the other day, the guest of Col. Phil Fowler of the Inter Ocean. Mr. Irvine was returning east from a two weeks' vacation at his old home in La Crosse, Wis. A Pullman porter working somewhere between here and La Crosse is probably wearing Mr. Irvine's Sunday hat now. It cost \$4 in Philadelphia, which means, its one time owner claims, it would be worth \$6 here.

"Cunnel" G. Marion Gabe, of the American staff, now visiting the folks down home in Henderson, Ky., will be arraigned on charges of larceny the next session of the Sol Sisters Club, of which he is a member. The next party of the Club, which will be given by Patrick J. J. McCarthy, of the City News Bureau, will be featured as a session of court. Gabe, who was visiting the McCarthy home recently, went away with a pair of Mac's sox, mistaking them for his own.

Polly Neumann of the Trib staff is back from Canada, whither he went to settle an estate which gives his son something like \$1,500.

The Rev. W. B. Norton, Club chaplain, once was captain of a college baseball team, and some player himself. During the past week he was about the only one who joined with Perley Boone in the Trib office, in rooting for the cubs.

John J. Allcock and Otto Engle, Trib sports, cleaned up the crowd on the city series, and have spent a busy

week in decking themselves in new clothing.

Miss Ruth Russell, daughter of the late Martin J. Russell, editor-in-chief of the old Chicago Chronicle, and sister of Jimmy Russell, city editor of the Examiner, has been appointed city editor of The New World, the official newspaper of the Catholic archdiocese of Chicago. Some things sure do run in some families.

When it comes to scoops the recognition and capture of Henning, the Funk case fugitive, wasn't so measly. It was pulled off by Stanley Dennis, of the Minneapolis Journal, who at the time of the first Funk trial was on the Chicago Journal and covered the case. That's the reason he was able to identify Henning.

A romance of the Journal city room reached its culmination (credit Jar 777) in the marriage on Oct. 11 of Robert Miller Ash and Miss Mabel Seymour, who are now honeymooning in California. For he and she, they say, took a shine to each other when he started in as assistant city editor on the Eastman paper and she became its society editor—both at the same time, about six years ago. Mr. Ash later became country circulator and still later joined his father in the printing business but his (now) missus kept turning out her always letter-perfect Lake-Shore Drive stuff until a few days before the ceremony. They kept their engagement a dead secret, although Frank Hanna got a hunch in a dream a couple of nights before Miss Seymour broke the news to the M. E., Martin Hutchens. Frank's dream was that he saw a statuesque young woman holding down the petite Miss Seymour's job. He asked her what it meant and she told him—afterwards. And now the whole dream's come true, for Miss Marian Bolan, the new society editor, formerly of the R.-H., is quite of the type one sees in visions. An interesting fact in connection with Miss Seymour's retirement from the Journal is that it leaves the "profesh" in Chicago without a Seymour for the first time in thirty-five years. For Mrs. Ash, as she is now, is the niece of Horatio W. Seymour of the old Times and then of the Chronicle, and her service rounded out this period for that family. Her uncle Horace is now editor of the New York World.

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Sam Kiser, Col. Visscher and Clem Yore will all come across with "He Kissed Her" copy for next week.

Francis D. (alias Mark) Hanna, for four years with the Journal, following seven with the Drovers' Journal, is now out of journalism. However, he is still doing the city hall hawk-eye act at which his 'steen scoops a week had proved him some actor. It isn't without good reason that Mr. Hanna has been handed the \$2,500 a year job of secretary-investigator for the City Council Committee, which is to spend the next two years or so in studying the financial end of every department of the city government with the idea of bringing each to its maximum of efficiency. And Frank's going to join the Press Club.

The Hanna person is not the only Journal-ist to land a plum worth while lately. There's Edward R. Mahoney, for instance, who was the demon shirt-sleeve city editor up to a few weeks ago and now is the allee-samee-like-a-banker controller of the sanitary district of Chicago with nothing to do but sign and draw big checks and look the part. He also, with Dick Finnegan, Ma Honey's successor as city editor and a dozen or more of the Journal staff, are meat for the Club membership committee.

The club has added a new and valuable member to its rolls in the person of Earl J. Cox, head of the Metropolitan Booking Agency and formerly a newspaperman of some note in New York and Detroit. Besides owning several theatres, Mr. Cox is in touch with all of the talent in the country, and announces his intention of helping out in the entertainments the Press Club is planning for this winter. Mr. Cox was brought into the club under the auspices of Victor Eubank.

Joseph Medill Sheahan's installation as the Journal's makeup is another reminder of the cycle in which so many of the boys are revolving. The son of one of the associates of Medill in founding the Tribune, Joe chased items for the self-admitted W. G. N. for six years, then, after a trip to the Paris exposition and a year's work in London, he lighted kerplunk as boss of the American copy-desk, and after having his heart good and broke, he sought peace and quiet as assistant M. E. of the Post. Three guesses allowed on his next jump.

Another live wire to cross Market street from the Post to the Journal is P. F. Cass, who is doing city hall in place of the de-journalized Hanna.

Another chick to flock under the Eastman wing is Milton T. Fuessel, who had proved himself some scratcher in the American and News backyards.

A new circulation manager is hustling the Journal to clamoring millions in the person of Ben Anderson, who was for thirteen years with the American, after a twelve-month with the R-11, and six years with the Trib. He succeeded Royce P. Eckstrom, whose career as Tribune labor editor, Journal city editor and Journal circulating manager is being rounded out as loss circulator of the American.

H. Sundby Hansen, R. F. (Dan'l) Webster, and Eddie J. Doherty, may be seen some nights sitting at a Press Club table, and discussing the deepest topics there are. Hansen and Webster have profound convictions upon every interesting subject under the sun, and Web is a good deal of a pragmatist. Doherty, seemingly, just sits and drinks in the conversation, and enjoys it.

MY OH! THE I.O.

DEAR SCOOP—Complaint has frequently been made that nobody ever writes anything about The Inter-Ocean for THE SCOOP. This is very pleasing to us, for really we detest publicity—honest, we do—and we hate to see our names in print just as though we worked on the World's Most Satisfied Newspaper or were coroner or chanced to be week-ending in South Chicago.

But we realize that such a remarkable series of events as have occurred in the I.O. city room during the last week can not long be hidden from the prying eye of THE SCOOP. So since you really have to print something about us, we prefer to have you get things right. The following items are for immediate release and are without charge. Pictures of the individuals concerned may be had on request.

The "peré diamond," one of the largest and most valuable gems ever seen outside of a pawnshop window, owned by Marquis James, acknowledged to be the world's premier ambidextrous copy reader, rewrite man and reporter, last night disappeared under circumstances so mysterious that the police and privé detectives working on the case have been completely baffled. Mr. James, with his usual habits of punctuality, appeared at the copy desk of The Inter-Ocean—now one cent—last night at two minutes of 7 o'clock. The "peré diamond" gleamed from his finger as usual. Head-of-the-desk Brown, known to all managing editors (or send stamped envelope if you want him to name lowest salary) remarked the diamond on Mr. James's finger. Mr. James removed the stone, as it somewhat conflicted with his work. It was placed as a weight upon a pile of copy. A moment later he looked up and the stone was gone. No explanation for its disappearance has been found. On suggestion of Night Editor Atkinson—the only night editor in Chicago who ever made up a paper with a "Jestward Ho" column (see below), the entire copy desk was searched. Nothing was found except the plug of tobacco that was lost a week ago by Sunday Editor Burns. And there wasn't more than half a chew of it. The local side was not searched, for all its members were out of the office gleaning those bits of inimitable news that long since made The Inter-Ocean famous. (Advertising rates upon demand.)

Awakening in the dead of night to find beneath his bed an armed man—this was the harrowing experience last night of Paul Gilbert, maker of the Jestward Ho column of wit and persiflage that daily appears on the editorial page of The Inter Ocean. Mr. Gilbert—whose scintillating quips have been read by all of the

crowned heads of Europe—was just as brave!

"I just stuck my head down level with the floor and said, 'Go way,'" Mr. Gilbert told modestly, after the experience. "And the man was frightened and so he went. And right on the dresser, too, was forty-five cents that he overlooked."

Paul Crissy, now appearing daily on the front page of The Inter Ocean (for sale at all news stands) is to be the first reporter to write a story in the clouds. Mr. Crissy has agreed to make a flight with Harold McCormick—who reads The Inter Ocean every day and says he will have none other—in the Edith, the flying boat owned by the young millionaire. Mr. Crissy announces that he will take with him into the upper air his trusty typewriter and will, while en route, dash off the story of his sensations and experiences. Mr. Crissy, Chicago readers will remember, is the newspaper man who said to Colonel Roosevelt during the Bull Moose convention here: "Colonel, I am glad to see you." In view of the fact that Mr. Crissy's story probably will increase the demand for the Inter Ocean, it would be well for the insignificant few who are not already subscribers, to send subscriptions at once to the affable business office. (Open daily except Sundays.)

William E. Hooker, fair-spoken and genial day city editor of The Inter Ocean (strictly a family newspaper, printing all the news that is proper and clean), is the inventor of a new dance, which, it was announced yesterday, undoubtedly will surpass the tango in popularity. Mr. Hooker created the dance during one of his rare rest periods. (He works while you sleep.) It consists of a complicated series of steps forward, backward and to either side. Demonstrations will be given every morning at 11 o'clock, in the local room of the paper. There will be no entrance fee. Persons may take the lessons free by presenting at the door 1,000 consecutive date lines, clipped from The Inter Ocean, together with an original essay on the subject, "Why The Inter Ocean Is a Nice Paper."

Thirty.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Reporters hear many words and few ideas. Every fad is foolish but the one you practice. Some people are smart and crazy at the same time. If you know and can't remember, you don't know. A blue jay is such a poor singer, it should quit practicing.

It takes about a day to do a day's work; sometimes longer.

There are not only exceptions to all rules; there are violations.

Who invented the idea that a disheveled head is a sign of intellect?

A glance over the old files always reveals that newspapers are also poor prophets.

Almost anyone can tell you how to avoid appendicitis, but the surgeons continue to make their calls in motor cars.

ANOTHER CLARENCE DRESSER.

THE EXAMINER, CHICAGO.



pushed between them.

"Tell me, Mr. Hill," he demanded, "what are the essentials of success—my paper wants a page feature."

Mr. Hill recovered his glasses and poise. Looking the youth over carefully, he answered with deliberation.

"Nerve and luck. You have them both. Make a page out of that. Good day."

CORRYMEELA.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyond the heavy trees,

This livin' air is moithered wi' the hummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat

Past Corrymeela wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!

I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare,

"God save ye, colleen dhas," I said; the girl she thought me wild!

Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to raise,

The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to please;
When ones' I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—

Aye, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English Town!

For a shaugh wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,

For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,

Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

This from a shop talk session at the Press Club:

Once upon a time a persistent young cub reporter person was sent to interview James J. Hill, the "empire builder," on how to build 'em. At that time Mr. Hill was more than busy with the Northern Securities case. He was not to be seen at his town home in St. Paul, his office or his country estate of North Oaks.

The faithful cub finally sighted Mr. Hill on the street, walking arm-in-arm with an associate, deep in conversation. The cub, dauntless, dashed up and

CLIPSON AND OLD DAHOMAY.

Lord Bateman was a noble Lord,

A noble lord was he of high degree,

He loaded himself all on board of a ship

Some foreign countries for to see.

Edwin F. Clipson, the Press Club's prodigiously prodigal son, or *l'enfant prodigue* thereof, has returned from a five months' journey over, under and around the world. He hit Chicago Sunday night, with 19c in his pockets, and nothing on his mind.

Fellow members strolling into the grill almost fell over when they saw him there, handsome and debonair as ever, and with a moustache prominently displayed.

They shook his hand and bought him drinks and insisted he tell the story of his venturings, and President Washburne appointed him on the house, entertainment and reception committees.

After Clip had looked about, and noted the swinging doors, the new furniture, and other things, he settled down and reeled off yards and yards of travelogue. He has been in many unthinkable places and everywhere you can afford to think of, especially Japan.

In China he bought a dress suit for \$30, and some dress suit, too. He likewise purchased shoes and a walking suit, and other things at ridiculously low prices.

Paddy, coming in inadvertently, met the man whom he has been writing up in this here Scoop, and Clip shook hands with Paddy, and said it was all right. Then Jim Lowder drew him out on China and the Chinese, and Dr. Sun Yat Sen. But the best story Clip told that night had to do with a dusky potentate of a South African nation who came to Paris (France) and lodged at the King Edward.

Paris had news of this royal person's coming, says Clip, and went wild over him. Banners and banners were hung in all the principal streets, bunting was all over the King Edward, velvets were spread in the streets for the dusky feet, and the merchants took a holiday.

The king arrived with his retinue, and expressed himself as delighted. He wasn't though. For he had not come to Paris to be feted and kowtowed to.

One night a hog-packer from Kansas City met up with the pride of Dahomay. Neither could understand the other, yet they stole out the back door while the king's retinue were shooting craps, and took a taxi to the Rat Mort.

They ordered drink after drink, and got very chummy. First his nibs would buy a round in Dahomay, and then the hog-packer would order in Kansas Citish.

"Ung wong guk kamung gnk rongo," said the King. "Some of the same," said the packer.

Finally the king began to slip, and he garbled his talk. "Wonghs guksh ungst," he would say with a fourteen carat smile, and his fellow drinker would come back with, "Thash arighsh, ole top, you'n me's frensh. Back in Kanshas Scity," and so on.

Long, long after midnight the pair came strolling

down the boulevard, both lit up like a cathedral at high mass, and singing, and wonder of wonders, they could understand each other perfectly, though nobody else in the world would have any idea what they were talking about.

Clip sure has seen some sights.

SOUP STRAINERS.

The first regular meeting of the Moustache Club was held in the barber shop of Patrick Cohen last Friday, and officers for the ensuing year were elected.

The confusionists failed to elect their candidate, Alf Houser, who was beaten by J. Hair Parke. Jim Crown triumphed over his rewrite man Walt Roderick for the vice-presidency, though it is said he threatened Walt with the loss of his job on the I. O.

Paddy was acclaimed secretary and press agent, though some were dubious about his credentials. Al (Mahogany) Chase was made treasurer, although O. A. Mather insisted that he wasn't competent to hold the job, having had little experience. Mather was asked to tell where he got his, and there was no more excitement.

Perley H. Boone and Charles H. Gotthart were adopted as inside and outside guards, with the provision that Gotthart should furnish the club with free detective work when required.

After the election, the meeting was called to order by President Parke. He harangued the members in the following language:

"Brothers, beware of all razors save hair raisers. That is our slogan. So be it. It has come to my attention that one of our youngest, happiest, brightest, and most ambitious brothers, one who had everything to look forward to, has committed a despicable act of treachery. He has shaved off his badge of membership in our great and glorious club.

"Those of us who have been observant have taken a sort of brotherly pride in Mr. Floyd P. Gibbons of the Tribune. We have noticed the first tender shoots that his upper lip put forth to brighten a waiting world. O my brothers, he who brings no brightness into the world, can take none out of it!

"We watched the gentle plant as it was waxed stronger every morn, and took on glorious color. We noted how cozily it rested just beneath his nostrils, like moss upon the granite block. We spoke of it to friends, and praised it for its beauty.

"And now I charge you, look upon his bald and pallid face. He has sold his heritage for a mess of potash. He has taken himself unto the mercenary barber, and destroyed that blossom wantonly. Look upon him, friends, and shudder. Here was Floyd Gibbons, here now is but a traitor, a base and contemptuous villain. A man who has no beauty in his soul, no beauty 'neath his nose.

"And did he this for fun? Did he throw down the club and spend his money recklessly in a barber shop for love of doing it? Ah no, he knew full well the seriousness of his act! He went about it with cold and precise calculation. He studied the effect it

would have, and yet he went ahead with his nefarious deed. He shaved it off—and for a woman.

"Brothers, Gibbons is about to be married. This will explain much, but will excuse nothing. And in the archives of this club, there will be printed beside the name of Floyd Gibbons, the four words, 'He trun us Down.'

"Ah, my fellow lip ticklers, we have borne much. We have been treated in a cutting way by the barbers, we have been taunted and ridiculed until we bristled, we have been wounded in our tenderest part—our moustache—but this is the most unkindest cut of all. In shears sorrow I warn you, beware of women. They cannot understand the hairy principles of this club, they do not know that the ugly duckling shall in time become a swan, and that Eddie Doherty's tooth brush will with the coming years grow into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. I thank you."

President Parke's address was heard with great clapping of hands and outspoken approval. Each member made a solemn promise that never, so long as he could help, would his foliage be despoiled.

Alfy Houser made a motion that a committee be appointed to determine the best way of keeping the moustache dry while eating soup, and President Parke appointed Houser, Chase and Roderick. The next meeting will be held later.

PADDY, Sec'y and P. A.

CY WARMAN.

The good fellow, good writer, good forelover and good business man whose name heads this showed the Club (he is a member) a multiplicity of places in Canada by means of moving films and slide pictures last Saturday evening. In between he told us stories and recited some of his own fine verse—like the Little Wild Goose, and the habitant stuff. He is a power in the Grand Trunk Pacific these days—the third Canadian road to touch both oceans—but this has not affected his literary activities.

The last film run was one taken by our Fred H. Wagner, from Farnum Fish's biplane, flying over Michigan avenue and the lake front. It moved with every dip and turn of the plane, and sometimes made it look as though Chicago were sliding off the map. And once it came near to shearing the heads off the crowd on the street. This was a new film, run for the first time.

At a dinner party in Cy's honor before the performance, he told of a man who tore through the heaving streets of San Francisco the night of the big quake, screaming, "Hell's a-hiccupping, and can't stop."

There was a laugh, then he paused:

"The shock had crazed him."

There was no laugh to that.

New Committeemen.

Edwin F. Clipson has been named by President Washburne to membership on the entertainment, reception and house committees. George S. Wood has been added to the entertainment committee.

WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!

Even the pumpkins fall for Jim Lowder. Dining the other evening at the Planters' restaurant with another of the fellows from the Press Club, the R-H Adonis, otherwise Jim, unlimbered a stock of verbal gatlings and began testing their trajectories on his companion.

The first shot was a miss, but served as a range-finder. Then Jim opened up and the air began to sizzle with witticisms. His friend sent out a hurried S. O. S. for Manager Dave Olnstead, who as president of the Greeters is of necessity one of the world's best purveyors of hot stuff. Manager Dave dashed into line and opened with all his guns, but quite in vain. The two were routed almost without effort by Jim with his triple-action, universal-jointed sizzlers.

(Now soft music, for here comes the tragic part.) The Planters' was decorated a la Thanksgiving and get-your-overcoat-out-of-hock season. The pillars that keep Clark street from entering the subway were covered with stalks of real corn, fully equipped as in the breakfast food ads, with ears. (Joke: no place for secrets. Ears—see?) Freely interspersed among the corn were pumpkins, of varying sizes and at varying altitudes.

Just as Jim was mentally reaching for a final fusilade that should complete the rout of the enemy, a large pumpkin detached itself from its perch and sailed gracefully and solidly to the table. It landed with a thud of applause directly in front of Jim's plate and promptly splashed over the surrounding landscape, most of which was Jim.

Daaintly wiping a section of pumpkin from his right ear, Jim arose and bowed his thanks and appreciation. Oh, that boy can't be beat. He can't be beat.

He Had Never Seen His Boss.

Victor F. Lawson moves in an orbit of his own, that touches the workrooms of The Daily News only at widely divided periods. Just before Charlie Faye passed out, Mr. Lawson wanted to see him, and went to his room, but found him not. Then he walked over to the city room. A reporter who had been on the paper a year was standing by the desk. To him Lawson said politely:

"I want to see Mr. Faye."

The reporter took him by the arm and gently led him to the door, murmuring as he went:

"I'll find him and maybe he'll see you."

Mr. Lawson said never a word, but smiled faintly as he passed into the hall.

When he found out who the caller was, that reporter went home and to bed.

On a Seventy-Third Birthday.

H. A. W., PRESS CLUB.

Seventy-three swings of the pendulum

Are many and long to count;

Seventy-three rounds of the ladder

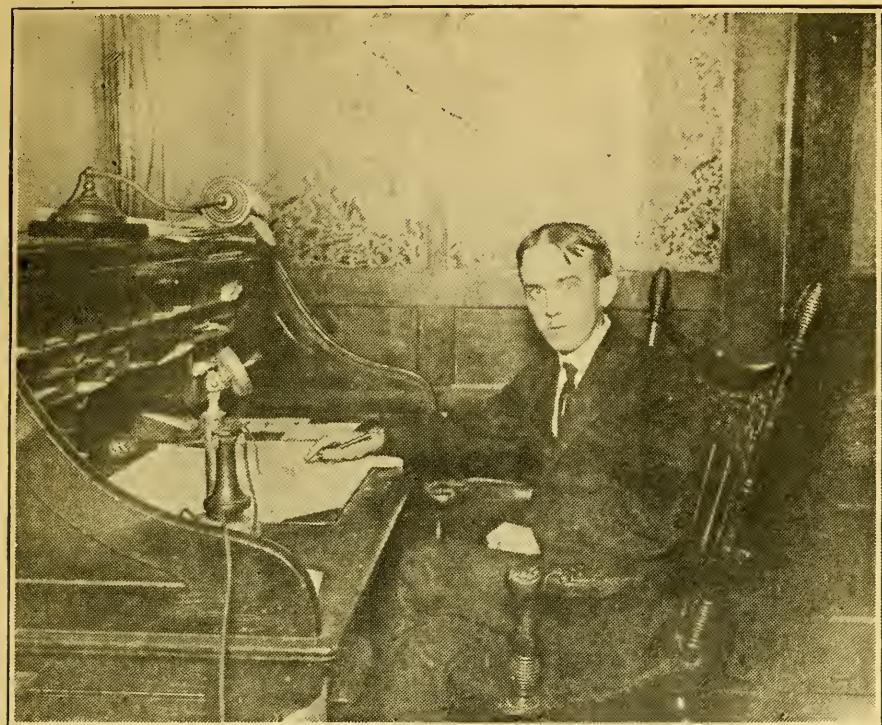
Are many and hard to mount;

But every swing of the pendulum

Means life as well as time.

And the broader view from each ladder round,

Should make us willing to climb.



C. L. SPEED, FORMER CITY EDITOR OF THE RECORD-HERALD, NOW NIGHT CITY EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Clarence Lyon Speed brought to an end his seven years of service with the Record-Herald Saturday night, to start a new career of successful direction in local newsgathering, and more than half a hundred members of the Record-Herald staff carried him over to the Press Club and bade him farewell over a banquet board.

His managing editor and his reporters, his assistants and other department heads of the newspaper he served in a manner that made him unique as a city editor, said goodbye to him with an enlogy which did not seem out of place to those who knew him; and in the end presented him with a gold pencil—to become the badge of his authority on the Chicago Examiner, where he became night city editor in active charge Monday.

It was no easier for him to bid his fellows farewell than for them to say it, and in that situation was summed up what he had builded in the four years out of his seven that he had put in at the city desk.

This account, written by those who were on his staff, is in no sense panegyric, but a news story of fact.

But there was—and is—a unique quality about Speed. To newspaper men in this city he has lifted the phrase "loyalty to the paper" from euphony and made it, as no where else, perhaps, the basis of a feeling that there was no better newspaper in Chicago to be on than the Record-Herald. His staff was true to him because he was kindly and fair. There was no complaining in service, because complaint marked disrespect to a chief whose quick news judgment, sharp perception and inhesitating clearness of instruction produced efficiency without the use of reprimand,—with only the appeal of person.

And these are the things that hedged the gathering 'round when his fellows came to say goodbye.

Mr. Speed began newspaper work in Chicago as a reporter on the Journal in 1899, and later served on the reportorial and editorial staffs of the Tribune and Chronicle until 1906. He was telegraph editor of the Record-Herald between 1906 and 1909 and city editor since 1909.

The newspaper career that seven years ago, at the age of about 30, made him Chicago's "boy city editor," as he was called at that time, in every way has been

noteworthy. Known as a reporter by a series of brilliant "scoops" that speedily earned him a reputation as a newsgetter, his record as telegraph and city editor of the Record-Herald has been no less distinguished.

With all his other and more serious traits it was his great sense of the comic, grotesque, freakish or humorous that made the Record-Herald known for its feature stories. He also showed great ability as a desk general in every emergency that arose, handling the biggest stories and the most difficult situations with an undisturbed coolness and ever-present common sense that won instant co-operation and respect.

Few men have enjoyed to as great an extent as he did, the hearty affection of the men above and below him. It is tradition that no man to whom Speed ever "tied the can," left the Record-Herald office with a personal grudge against the little man—little only in a physical sense—who had let him out.

And if in the course of his duty he was forced to criticize any of his aids, it was always taken in good part because there was the conviction that every word carried with it instruction against future errors in the same place.

He has the splendid gift of convincing his men that they are working with instead of for him—and that means much in a profession the work of which makes so much toward nervous strain.

Speed will be missed in the Record-Herald office. The best wishes of the Record-Herald boys follow him to his new newspaper home.

OUR TWO FREDS.

Good Old Fred Pelham.

Chinsura, Khartoum Road, Southampton, England, September 30. My Dear Doctor Nutt:—I rather expect to leave on October 18 by the Philadelphia, and arrive at New York about the 25th. My sister and nephew will sail on that ship and date, which is my reason for this announcement to you.

The visit to England has done me worlds of good. I think I will be in shape to tackle business by the first of the year. I will probably stay in New York two or three weeks.

I have not felt like writing. I can talk and read fairly well now, but writing is still a bit troublesome, and spelling—O my! Please tell Opie, Dr. Cooke-Adams and Franc Herndon (don't tell Franc I've forgotten how he spells his name) the reason why I've not written them.

Thank you for sending that big bunch of Scoops. I read them with great interest. I am glad to know the building has been redecorated, and that so many more newspaper men have joined.

With kindest regard to everyone,

Yours most sincerely,

FRED. PELHAM.

Good Old Fred Warde.

1720 Ditmas Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1913.

My DEAR EATON—It does me good and proud to get THE SCOOP on Monday at noon, and read about

"you all."

I have had a year of—well—hard luck—but I think I see light on the distant horizon.

I am to appear under the Shuberts shortly in a new piece by Percy Mackaye, "Turandot." Also, my book, *The Fools of Shakespeare*, will be out in about two weeks, published by McBride-Nast & Co.

One thing—I am well—long on health but short on wealth—not an unusual condition—so with Chimmie Fadden—"wot'ell."

How are you? I hope bully! In the meantime, I am with you all in spirit.

Remember me to dear old John McGovern and with cordial good wishes to yourself, believe me.

Most sincerely, FREDERICK WARDE.

THE DIET OF WORMS.

Oct. 14, 1913.

Hon. W. A. Washburne,

President, Press Club of Chicago,

Sir:—Believing the dove with the olive branch has taken up a permanent abode in the Press Club since your installation as President of the W. G. P. C., the Club's First Ward deems it a duty to celebrate the occasion with a free Feast of Peace. To show our esteem and loyalty to our new president is not our only aim in giving this feast, but we wish to show our appreciation of the loyal support of the constituents and the Irish vote. We also have a desire to increase the sales in the libation department and establish a record.

The First Ward committee has arranged to import a Kentucky cook to prepare fifteen gallons of old fashioned Virginia spaghetti, which will be served FREE to the members of the Press Club and their friends. The feast will be arranged for one night within the next two weeks. Each guest will be served as many times and as much as he desires without cost. The guests will be expected to pay for nothing except refreshments from the libation department.

We promise to give a real Feast of Peace and not a Piece of Feast as has been rumored.

BATH TUB LOVETT.
HINKY HOP KENDALL.

Follow the Gleam.

BY MAY W. DONNAN.

Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.

Incompetent Pankhursting.

The door-bell rings. The mistress of the house answers it. A small child, the child of a near neighbor, is discovered on the door-step.

The Mistress—"What is it, Cissy?"

The Child—"Please, ma'am, mother wants to know if you'll be so kind as to lend her your recipe f'r makin' bombs. The last one she made only smelled bad and wouldn't bust!"

THE SAN FRANCISCO FELLOWS.

San Francisco, Cal., October 5, 1913.

Editor The Scoop,
Press Club of Chicago,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I shall consider it both an honor and a pleasure to furnish The Scoop with accounts of occurrences in the San Francisco newspaper field that might be sufficiently interesting to our confreres in Chicago and other readers of your excellent journal to warrant publication. Your letter of September 25th I have had posted, with the permission of the House Committee, on the club's bulletin board, with the request appended to it that every member of the Press Club of San Francisco contribute his mite toward a grand elucidation, for the benefit of the newspapermen of Chicago, of the greatness of our organization and its members. I hope the members of our club will give your letter the attention it deserves, and it would be wisdom on your part to be prepared to double the size of The Scoop to make room for the deluge of intellect that may be expected to flow Chicagoward from our Mount Olympus.

The Scoop is no stranger to the members of the Press Club of San Francisco. We receive it regularly every week, and it occupies a position of honor on our magazine table, together with Collier's, Harper's Weekly, Life, The Philistine, the Atlantic Monthly and other country journals. Of course, your recent expansion from a modest coverless sheet to a real, live magazine was observed with interest and delight, and your enterprise was discussed in terms of admiration. It will perhaps please you to hear that it is generally agreed here that your pencil pushers and typewriter punchers of the Windy City write quite as well as do your colleagues here, if the contributions to The Scoop may be taken as a safe criterion to the quality of your daily work. In fact, there are more than a few of the fraternity here who suspect that some of the Chicago confreres must have got their start in the game in San Francisco newspaper offices and subsequently diffused their learning among their less fortunate brethren in your city. It is, indeed, a matter of common knowledge that San Francisco intellect has been appreciated to the extent that it has been summoned by wire to rush to Chicago post haste. Such was the case with Andrew Lawrence, when he was called from the city desk of the San Francisco Examiner to assume the managing editorship of the Chicago American.

Less than two weeks ago, when "Andy" Lawrence was here to recuperate the energy he had spent during the past year on brilliant editorials in the Chicago American, he was the guest of honor at a smoker given at the Press Club by his old friend, Charles F. Hanlon, who was attorney for the San Francisco Examiner when Lawrence was on the city desk. The dining-room was thronged with newspapermen who had come to pay their respects to Lawrence, and to smoke with him.

And they enjoyed smoking with Lawrence. As Hanlon, the host of the party, expressed it: "Andy, we enjoy smoking with you here tonight, as we shall enjoy smoking with you hereafter."

There were many speakers, and each had something truly beautiful to say about Lawrence. One of the finest tributes paid him during the smoker was by Hanlon, who recollects having loaned him \$100 once and been paid back. It was when Lawrence was suddenly called to Chicago by Mr. Hearst to take charge of the American that he found himself in a predicament. As the blushing young maiden usually says, it was so sudden, and Lawrence had to leave right away. Hanlon advanced him the price of the ride to Chicago.

Many of the young men present nearly fainted when they heard \$100 mentioned—not that the amount is so exceedingly large for men who have had occasion time and time again, in the course of their work, to write about millions—but to think that right in their midst sat a fellow newspaperman who had actually possessed \$100 at one time! Had it not been for the reputation Lawrence and Hanlon enjoy for veracity, nobody would have believed it. Ever since that smoker dozens of young pencil pushers have been regaling Hanlon with stories of marvelous prospects held out to them by Chicago newspapers—if they only had the fare!

Reverting to the smoker, per se, it was strikingly illustrative of the good habits of the San Francisco Press Club members. Well might they be looked up to as the standard bearers for good conduct. The smoker began at midnight and was over at 2 a. m. Was there ever a club anywhere at any time whose members went to bed at such an early hour? Early to bed and late to rise is the slogan here.

Nor was there ever a club building that could be compared with ours. We have the finest club building in the world—our own building, mind you, built especially for us and completed but two months ago. And the furniture and fixtures are so beautiful and pompous that it is a safe bet that no press club in the world can match them. If any of you Chicago gentlemen come this way, be sure to go straight to the corner of Sutter and Powell streets. That fine, new, four-story edifice labeled "Press Club Building" is our home. Don't be scared by the elaborateness of the structure, but walk right in and help yourself into the automatic elevator and press the button for the third floor. Ask for Chan, the Chinese bartender; he has always gallons of ice water on hand, ready to serve.

With best regards,

Fraternally yours,

ALFRED G. ANDERSEN.

San Francisco Papers Beating Each Other.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., October 10, 1913.—Superintendent Shanahan of the United States Mint here was as non-committal as Woodrow Wilson and little more eloquent than the Sphinx when, about two weeks ago, representatives of the San Francisco dailies called on him to ascertain whether or not it was true that the counting force from Washington, headed by Dr. Frederick Dewey, had discovered a shortage in the millions of gold and silver stored in the mint, and, if so, the amount of the discrepancy.

Shanahan is a member of the Press Club of San Francisco, a life member at that, and is usually glad

to accommodate the newspapermen. His silence in this particular instance was interpreted as an indication that fabulous sums had been extracted from the silent vaults of Uncle Sam's cash box. Millions perhaps!

The San Francisco Call, recently descended from its altitudinous abode amid the golden shafts of the rising sun to the bleak and dreary plains of the waning day, had the scoop on the story. It was the Call's first real sensation since it discarded its morning bath robe and donned the afternoon tea gown. The new afternoon paper made a "conservative estimate" of the discrepancy and placed it at approximately \$30,000. Whole sacks of gold and silver had been emptied and filled with base iron washers, said the Call, displaying a front-page streamer as an adequate handle to the big scoop.

There was a stir in the city offices of the two morning papers, the Chronicle and Examiner. Reporters were scurrying hither and thither, and the telephone wires were overworked.

Just to show that the Call had nothing on it, the Examiner stated the next morning that the mint shortage would probably amount to \$75,000. The Chronicle, on the other hand, averred that about \$5 would be a fair estimate.

In the meantime Superintendent Shanahan had quietly flashed a message over the wires to United States Treasurer McDowell, asking permission to make a statement to the newspapers. McDowell acquiesced, and that same afternoon Shanahan talked.

The exact shortage was \$7—seven dollars!

The money had been extracted from a sack of 1,000 silver dollars reposing in a vault whose contents had not been counted for the past twenty years.

Thus was another great scoop recorded in the annals of newspaperdom.

ALFRED G. ANDERSON,
Press Club of San Francisco.

SO SAY WE, ALL OF US.

TO JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, BY HENRY A. CALDWELL.
My friend, I am glad to call you so,
Altho' I've never clasped your hand in mine,
And never from your lips has come my name,
Yet at thy bounteous feast I often dine.
Better than viands rich or vintage rare,
Thy banquet where I am a welcome guest,
For then my heart lays down its load of care,
And to my wearied brain come peace and rest.

And in return for this I'm wishing you
Fourfold the pleasure you have given me.
For many years may you the Muses woo,
Ere "The Giver of Your Gift" shall summon thee.
While Fame and Fortune both have smiled on you
And you have friends in every land and clime,
As one of them I say "tis but your due"
Your name live until the end of Time.

Office Boy—There are two men out there, sir, who want to see you; one of them is a poet and the other a deaf man. Editor—Well, go out and tell the poet that the deaf man is the editor, and let them fight it out between them.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.



MRS. WALTER A. WASHBURN, WIFE OF THE CLUB'S
PRESIDENT.

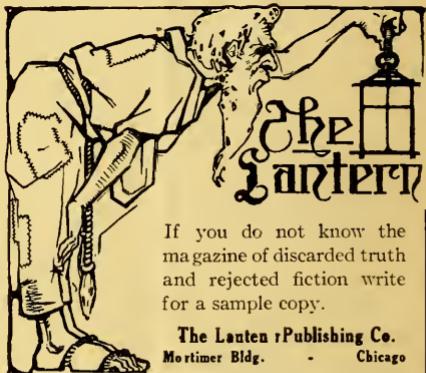
THE RULES OF THE GAME.

SOMEONE IN THE NEW YORK SUN.
A foul ne'er sends the batter to his base,
The full-back's punt is blocked if made too late,
The eight-oared crew's bossed from the four-oared race,
The golfer's nine ne'er beats his rival's eight.

The game of life, too, has rules iron-clad,
Enforcement is impartial, sure and strict;
The good we do is scored, while for the bad
The rules always a penalty inflict.

Untruth ne'er passes muster as a fact,
Ill-gotten wealth ne'er brings the cherished goal,
Ten selfish deeds ne'er equal one kind act;
In vain do cravens play the hero's role.

Whate'er we do, whate'er the path we choose,
Whate'er may be our tools,
Let it be said that always, win or lose,
We played the game according to the rules!



If you do not know the
magazine of discarded truth
and rejected fiction write
for a sample copy.

The Lantern Publishing Co.
Mortimer Bldg. Chicago

CONSIDER THEM ASKED.

October 14, 1913. DEAR SCOOPI.—As hinted in my last contribution, I have formulated the reasons for the great preponderance, in American life, of rag-time performances over genuine musical performances. Rag-time is a ghastly and misbegotten attempt at humor, at joy, at any expression that can sanely be called Life, in the sense of a life worthy a moment's consideration by thinking men and women. It is an expression of the stereotyped despair that characterizes our age; an age which, through a false system of economics, prevents us from ever realizing the grandeur of our destiny.

If we ask an honest portrait painter why his art has degenerated: "Because we must paint the portraits of wealthy nonentities or starve" will be his reply. And if we ask an honest rag-time publisher why he inflicts on the public ceaseless and ubiquitous performances of his tawdry publications: "Because I can buy it in the cheapest market and sell it at a profit," will be his reply.

There are many details in the disease-like spread of this affliction which I believe to be quite unknown alike to the public and to a majority of journalists. There details include, of course, a remedy for the dis temper.

Who will publish these facts? Whoever wants them may have them for the asking. Cordially yours,

RUDOLF VON LIEBICH.

THE WHIRLING CHEESE.

PADDY, THE NAUTYCU'L POTE.

The Good Ship Cheese, in a spanking breeze, set sail with a crew of five.
 And they didn't know how the winds can blow, and it's lucky they're all alive.
 For they tried to jibe, and it's hard to describe how the Cheese did Loop the Loop;
 And the amateur crew—they could swim a few—were thrown in Lake Michigan soup.
 With a life buoy tied to their soaking hide, two-fifths of the crew could float,
 Till Skipper Bill, who had seen the spill, should pick them up in a boat.
 But the other three, dumped into the sea, must swim it to Clarendon beach.
 And they won't deny, when their clothes are dry, that the Commodore sure can preach.
 For he called them hoobs, and Greenhorn Rubes, and he raked them up and down
 For jibing the Cheese in that spanking breeze, and he swore that the five should drown.
 Ere ever they tried again to ride on the deck of the Good Ship Cheese,
 And handle the boat like a mountain goat and jibe in a spanking breeze.
 And the amateur crew, wet through and through, made answer in mournful wheeze,
 That only screws would be the crews on a cruise of the Good Ship Cheese.

MARK TWAIN'S SPEECH.

On the evening of November 13, 1879, the Army of the Tennessee entertained General Grant at a banquet in the Palmer House. He had just returned from his trip 'round the world, and the city was jammed with visitors from all parts of the country who had come to see him.

At the banquet, with the General, were Generals Sherman, Logan and Sheridan. The guest table was surrounded by officers of the northern army. Two great speeches were made, one by Colonel Ingersoll, the other by our own Mark Twain. A copy of the Ingersoll speech, printed on silk and handsomely framed, stands on one of the mantels in the Press Club library. The following copy of Twain's speech is a clipping from *The Tribune* of the morning after—November 14th. It was clipp'd then by our Gene Skinkle, who loans it for this present use.]

After a few remarks in the nature of a "winding-up," by General Sherman, the last speech of the evening was made as follows by Samuel L. Clemens, otherwise Mark Twain, the great humorist, in response to the novel toast: "The Babies":

"The Babies." As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities. (Laughter.)

I like that! We haven't all had the good fortune to be ladies (laughter); we haven't all been Generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the "Babies" we stand on common ground, for we've all been there—been babies. (Laughter and applause.) It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to anything. If you gentlemen will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years, to your early married life—(laughter)—and recontemplate your first baby, you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation.

And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death-storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow—(applause)—but when he clawed you whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. (Laughter.) When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears, you set your face toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoops, you advanced in the other direction—(laughter)—mighty glad of the chance, too. When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? (Laughter.) No! You got up and got it. If he ordered his pop-bottle, and it wasn't warm, did you talk back? Not you! You went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste it yet. (Roars of laughter.)

And how many things you learned, as you went along. Sentimental young folk still took stock in that beautiful old saying, that when the baby smiles in his

sleep it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but "too thin." (Laughter.) Simply wind on the stomach, my friends! If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour—half-past 2 in the morning—didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which wouldn't improve a Sunday-school book much, that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? (Roars.) Oh, you were under good discipline! And, as you went fluttering up and down the room in your "undress uniform," you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but you tuned up your martial voice and tried to sing, "Rock-a-bye, baby, in the tree top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! (Roars of laughter.) And what an affliction for the neighbors, too; for it isn't everybody within a mile around that likes military music at 3 in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise—"go on,"—what did you do? You simply went on till you dropped in the last ditch. (Great laughter.) The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, *one* baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself; one baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to; he is enterprising, irrepressible, brim full of lawless activities; do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. (Prolonged laughter.) Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind, don't you ever pray for twins. (Roars of laughter and blushes by General Sheridan.) Twins amount to a permanent riot, and there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection. (Laughter.) Yes, it was high time for a toastmaster to recognize the importance of the "Babies." Think what is in store for the present crop. Fifty years hence we shall all be dead—I trust—and then this flag, if it still survives—and let us hope it may—will be floating over a Republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase; our present schooner of State will have grown into a political Leviathan—a Great Eastern—and the cradled babies of today will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. (Applause.) Among the three or four millions of cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething—think of it!—and putting in a word of dead earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it, too (laughter); in another, the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way, with but a languid interest, poor little chap, and wondering what *has* become of that other one they call the wet-nurse (laughter); in another, the future great historian is lying—and doubtless he will continue to "lie" till his earthly mission is ended (laughter); in another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early, and in

a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time, and in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his own big toe into his mouth—(laughter)—an achievement which—meaning no disrespect—the illustrious guest of this even also turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago. And if the child is but the prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt but that he succeeded. (Prolonged and uproarious laughter.)

LORD LOVEL.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Lord Lovel, he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" said she;
"Oh! when you will come back?" said she.
"In a year or two—or three, at most,
I'll return for my fair Nancy-cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town.
And there he heard St. Pancras's bells,
And the people all mourning round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said.
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud be turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy, she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief.
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras's church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire-mire,
For all lovers, true to admire.

THE SCOOP

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PRURIENT PRUDERY.

Attention is asked for the Hall Caine letter published herewith under the Bookworm caption. No especial consideration is due either to Mr. Caine or his book, but the position he takes in the matter of censorship in public libraries is entirely sound, and deserves the backing of the whole press of this country and England.

There is always a question of the benefits conferred by a multiplication of libraries open to the general public. That question has nothing to do with the moan of sad Ecclesiastes, that "whoso increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," for general libraries are not notable as institutions emanating knowledge that is really worth while. The protest is against the cloistered doctrinaires who run them, the blue-nosed and puritanic severity that tries to impose its own tastes upon the people. These officials in both countries are governed by a morality so intense that it is positively erotic, and never ceases to advertise the impure with uproar, as hounds do when the hunted is found and brought to bay.

This is no slight thing. It is sumptuary as well as salacious, and painfully unworthy the spirit of an advancing age. It is a barrier to freedom of thought, a deprivation of the usufruct of reading unrestrained. It should be broken down utterly. If Mr. Caine has started something which will bring that breakage to pass, he has a right to honor, and to be forgiven for all he has written in the last ten years.

MRS. PANKHURST.

The tone of the newspapers in treating Mrs. Pankhurst's approaching visit is just to her and grateful to the real American spirit of decency. This woman has been celebrated in her own country for an invited martyrdom and a counseling for outrage, but what does America know of the facts back of her actions? This country still is dominated by the Anglo-Celtic quality and its traditions, and knows as well as any how to do quarrel for personal or class rights. It has the same fighting instinct that has made the British

Empire great. Our own women have demanded and are peacefully winning the same privileges their English sisters are striving to win by force. But the elements are different. Mrs. Pankhurst can do no harm here. She is coming over to unfold the conditions that have led her and her followers to do what they are doing, and maybe after she has been heard she will be better understood. If she preaches violence, she will raise a laugh, and to a laugh there is no answer. If she is sincere and shows good reasons, she will be clearing the air, and shall be thanked therefor. Let us hear her for her cause.

SHAKSPERE.

John Postgate of The Journal is advocating the theory first advanced by Horace Walpole, that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the plays of Shakspere. The Scoop is running his stuff not because he makes a case, but because it is the output of a really learned and deep thinking man, and in itself, regardless of all else, remarkably interesting.

It is curious how these questions keep coming up. There is no mystery whatever in the origin of the plays. Shakspere's theatre was the foremost in the realm; his company were the Queen's players. The time was one of almost complete illiteracy, so that a man who wanted to display his fancies to the people had to resort to the dramatic form, which accounts for the brilliant group of playwrights that adorned Elizabeth's reign. Shakspere's office was as crammed with manuscripts as Charley Frohman's is at this hour. He had to have plays. He did what all other good craftsmen did and still do. He took his material wherever he found it. Such of these scripts as he thought available, he accepted and worked over; and into them all he wrote that power of universality which has made them live.

Was he conscious of this power? He was not. The roster of the great holds the name of no man more modest or less self-conscious. In his uninspired hours he was quite like other men—and prudent in his dealings. When he had money enough, he drew out of the world and went back to Stratford, and there died, undeified, among his family and their friends. No man of any consequence in the activities of human intellect lived more in the open, nor is better known. His life was really uneventful, but what there was of it we know, in rather full detail.

He was no such scholar as were a few of his contemporaries. No one man of his time, he least of all, could have written at first hand and knowingly the broad and varied learning the plays display. Those

things were the work of many minds, but the master touches, those sublimities of thought, those broad readings of human nature, those profoundities of truth, that prophetic vision, were his.

And if they were not, who cares? We have that inestimable body of work which is named as his, and that is all that matters. The name is merely the one by which we know that body. There is little merit in and no consequence to these efforts to fix its fatherhood on someone else, unless it is accepted that the German savant was right who concluded, after a lifetime of meticulous investigation, that the plays were not written by Shakspere at all, but by another man of the same name.

THE BUNNY HUG AT TWICKENHAM.

Unless his neighbors succeed in preventing the issuance of a license, James McQuaid will do a thing to make this country blush for shame. He bought the beautiful old house at Twickenham on the Thames, where Alexander Pope lived and wrote, and wants to turn it into what here would be called a road house. It would be an all night place, of the kind they call over there a country club.

What sort of thing this club would be is clearly enough indicated by the McQuaid history. McQuaid made a fortune as a contractor in New York. Mrs. McQuaid was formerly a chorus girl with Weber and Fields. They bought the Pope villa some years ago, and have been living there and doing a lot of entertaining far from pleasing to those who have houses nearby, because their guests have for the most part been American vaudeville performers working in London. The house is spacious, having some twenty rooms, and the gardens are among the most beautiful in England.

As a house of all night entertainment, it could take up and carry far the traditions that surround the old Supper Club in Percy street, Oxford street, or the never closing Slooperies in Mainen Lane—where never was a real maiden seen.

Tenderness and reverence for places where once abode the now departed great is a beautiful trait in the English character. The possibilities in this proposed desecration are large enough and sufficiently nauseous to arouse local protest, which may fail of effect, since they do not traverse the law.

The leopards prowl in the halls of Jamshid, and the owls hoot from the watchtowers of Afrasiad. London perhaps is accelerating her pace toward the time fore-

seen by Macauley, when the New Zealander would look upon her ruins from London bridge.

THE CANADIANS.

A full house greeted Sir Rodman Ribling and some twenty-five other Manitobans at luncheon in the main dining hall of the Press Club house last Friday week, and listened most carefully to Sir Rodman's speech, with its long emblazonment of figures not calculated to belittle his province nor the other states of western Canada.

Sir Robert is premier of Manitoba, and a power in that new country, but he would better have been informed in advance that a large part of his audience was made up of Chicago newspapermen who know and appreciate the splendid possibilities of his west, and that some of them could have told him things in that connection which would have gone straighter home than his statistics. For example:

That the prairie provinces of Canada have put the United States in the class of emigrating nations.

That nobody ever would know there was any law up there unless he broke one; and that then he would not be kept waiting.

That the fundamental laws of all three provinces is directly opposite ours in that they care first for the rights of the people as a whole where we care first for the right of the individual; that title to land never passes out of the state, which is the combined people, but that use continues possession indefinitely.

That no natural resources of any kind can be alienated, so that they cannot pass to individuals nor combinations of individuals such as those which have taken so much from us.

That the State derives its revenues from the land alone, and does so without following the doctrines of Henry George.

That the State aids the individual in establishing his residence, and in marketing his goods, and does it freely, as a public duty.

That without any trouble whatever, and in the very foundations of the States, the liquor traffic has been laid under restrictions so close that common drunkenness is practically impossible; and that in several large areas actual prohibition has been set up, without fuss or propaganda; and finally,

That an American traveling through those provinces never would know he was out of his own country unless he happened to see a flag.

They are good and sturdy people, these men who visited us that day, upstanding and outspoken. No-

body could have helped liking that square-headed, rugged faced engineer who is Mayor of Winnipeg. And everyone knew what an enormous advantage they and the others who have helped create a greater Canada west of the Hudson Bay had in being able to know the successes and errors other countries had made in their formative periods, and so shape their course that the successes are repeated and the errors passed by.

A NATIONAL NUISANCE.

A considerable and quite righteous kick is being delivered through the newspapers against the recent order in the customs department by which all women coming into our seaports in ships from other lands are required to remove from their hats aigrettes or other ornaments the production of which required the death of birds. It is a pretty howdydo if a woman of a nation having other laws than ours is thus to be deprived of personal property the moment she sets foot on our shores. It is the kind of bumptious stupidity that on the winking of authority will understand a law, and brutally enforce it. The inference is rather plain that if we are a member of the family of nations, we are the most thoroughly ill-bred kid in the lot.

The newspapers are doing the right thing in proclaiming against this unjust thing. They have been dumbly patient of the outrage the New York customs, for instance, has for years been perpetrating upon Americans coming home, who are required while the ship comes up the bay to sign and swear to a customs manifest of their belongings aboardship, and then on the pier subjected to a search to convict them of perjury. The restrictions are irritating where they are not insulting, and the manner of their enforcement is disgraceful. But this last one goes beyond the limit. It was bad enough for our own folk to be bullyragged and to all intents be called thieves by jacks in office, whose salaries we pay, but when they reach their paws for the headgear of our visitors, they are giving people quite as good as we are a precious idea of us and our country. The thing reeks ignorant officiousness, and makes smuggling a virtue.

DASH IT ALL.

Why should anybody, in preparing copy, put a comma before a dash? Why throw a perfume on the violet, or add another hue unto the rainbow? Dash it all, isn't a dash a dash?

The chances are the lap dog can't help it; don't blame him.

DID RALEIGH WRITE SHAKESPEARE?

BY JOHN POSTGATE, PRESS CLUB.

While on a lecture tour several years ago, I ventured the opinion that if anybody but Shakespeare wrote the marvelous plays published under his name, the culprit was Sir Walter Raleigh. Since that remark was made, several authorities in the Press Club have declared that I am a literary Pagan and ought to be brained with a copy of Gulliver's Travels. Now, at the risk of further abuse on the part of these recondite gentlemen, with the permission of THE SCOOP, I shall offer a few words in my own defence.

So far as we have any record, Horace Walpole was the first man of note to suggest that Lord Bacon was the author of "Shakespeare." Walpole's opinion was based largely upon the common understanding of the personal character of the London theatrical manager, William Shakespeare. He could not believe that a man of obscure origin and dubious education was capable of writing words of such great merit, and, like many later students of those wonderful dramas, he turned to Bacon, the greatest and wisest of mankind in the Elizabethan era, as their most probable creator.

Walpole's view did not meet with ready favor. It was advanced at a time when literary personages were not drinking very deeply of the Shakespearean spring; and those who did drink thereof were not quite sure that they liked the draught. For some it did not flow according to rule; to others it smacked too much of bombast and hyperbole. Leading wits of the eighteenth century wanted nothing of Shakespeare while Congreve and Wycherley remained to warm their fancy with scenes of revelry and tales of hawdry. To most of them it seemed preposterous to hint that Francis Bacon, the supreme philosopher of the nation, masked himself in William Shakespeare's motley to emit so gross a stream of barbarism and vulgarity.

With the advent of the nineteenth century, however, there came a line of scholars who could appreciate the incomparable worth of Shakespeare's dramatic works. Those men found breadth of knowledge, deep insight of human nature, flights of the grandest poetry and flashes of wholesome wit, where the critical Johnson and the genial Goldsmith saw ragged metaphor, unpardonable neglect of the unities, uncouth verse and boorish humor. This awakening, while it prompted love and admiration for "Shakespeare," revived doubt as to the identity of its author, and made recruits for the Baconian uprising, led by W. H. Smith, who in 1856 published a book entitled, "Was Lord Bacon the Author of Shakespeare's Plays?"

Since that time scores of volumes have been issued upon both sides of this question. The controversy has been conducted with great skill and no small ingenuity, but notwithstanding the cocksureness which certain of the partisans have displayed, it is not yet settled to the satisfaction of many impartial students.

But one result of the warfare has been a decided broadening of the original issue. Some learned critics urge that Bacon, even with his vast learning and admitted versatility, could not have written all of the dramas; that he may have been the author of Ham-

let, Timon of Athens, Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra and Coriolanus, but as for the remainder, if he had any hand in them at all, he acted merely as editor or reviser. This class regards the man Shakespeare as a shrewd "producer," whose position enabled him to employ needy scholars, of whom there was an abundance in the times of Elizabeth and James, to write plays for his theater which he allowed the world to believe were his own creations.

In support of this position clever attempts have been made to trace the style and establish the identity of the several alleged authors. It is claimed, for instance, that the Comedy of Errors and Love's Labor Lost bear the marks of Robert Greene, who, it will be recalled, denounced Shakespeare as an upstart crow, decked with our feathers; that Christopher Marlowe assisted Greene, Peele and Nash in writing the three parts of Henry VI, and that Marlowe himself was responsible for Richard III. To Thomas Nash is attributed Henry IV, and part of A Winter's Tale; Samuel Daniel is said to have written Romeo and Juliet; Thomas Lodge As You Like It, and Macbeth and The Tempest are presumed to show the hand of George Chapman.

Tone of thought and parallel passages in his acknowledged works are held to proclaim Bacon as the writer of Hamlet. In this tragedy, says Thomas W. White in Our English Homer, Bacon's genius and peculiarities are recognisable at every step. While other dramatists of the age "love to appeal to classic mythology and overlook all but nature's most striking phenomena, he ignores the fables of antiquity and fixes his mind on nature in all, even its minutest forms, and thence finds illustration for his most serious meaning."

Examples of this trait are quoted as follows:

The canker galls the infants of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons are disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end.

There lives, within the very flame of love,
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at all like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much.

Comparisons from Bacon's Essays are used by Mr. White as follows:

The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout
To his own scandal.

In Essay No. 1, we find: "A mixture of falsehood in dealing is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it."

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.

Essay No. 58: "A king is a mortal god on earth."
Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia;

And, therefore, I forbid my tears. But yet,
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will.

Essay No. 38: "Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished."

Now while these comparative passages may have great weight with the Baconians, of whom Mr. White is one of the most rational, they do not carry full conviction to unbiased students of the dramas. The first instance, "The dram of base," loses much of its force when confronted with the fact that the word "base" is an emendation of the text of the first folio upon the appositeness of which the learned commentators are not agreed. The original phrase was "the dram of eale," and some of the quidnuncs look upon "eale" as a misprint for "evil." It is one of the philological puzzles of Hamlet which seems destined to remain unsolved for all time. The other "parallels" also seem to be far-fetched and whimsical. They may content confirmed Baconians, who are nothing if not credulous, but to the ordinary mind they scarcely rise to the dignity of what are called curious coincidences.

I have quoted enough, I think, to bring up the direct question propounded: "Did Sir Walter Raleigh Write Shakespeare?" Taking trend of thought, mode of expression, as well as "parallel" passages into account, I shall endeavor to show that there is a great deal more evidence of Raleigh being the author of Hamlet and several other of the plays than has been presented by Mr. White in behalf of Lord Bacon.

While in his prose works, especially in the History of the World, Raleigh is profuse in mythological allusions and similes and uncovers a mine of classical lore, his poetry is remarkably free from this style of illustration. It is noted, on the other hand, for the employment of the "phenomena of nature," which we have been told Bacon affected beyond any writer of his age. In the continuation of Cynthia, which, by the way, was another name for Queen Elizabeth, there are numerous instances of this characteristic. Take these lines, for example:

Such heat in ice, such fire in frost remained,
Such trust in doubt, such comfort in despair,
Which, like the gentle lamb, though lately weaned,
Plays with the dug, though finds no comfort there.

Even as the moisture in each plant that grows;
Even as the sun into the frozen ground;
Even as the sweetness to the incarnate rose;
Even as the center in each perfect round;

As water to the fish, to men as air,
As heat to fire, as light unto the sun;
Oh, love; it is but vain to say thou were;
Ages and times cannot thy power outrun.

In The Arts of Empire and Mysteries of State, which John Milton published from the original manuscript years after Raleigh's execution, we find:

"Majesty is a thing so sovereign and sacred as no citizen or subject of what quality soever may touch or approach thereto. * * * * Seeing all kings, as well the bad as the good, be sent by God, they must be endured."

This is certainly a closer approach to "divinity hedging a king" than Bacon's bald statement that a "king

is a mortal god on earth." It fits the scene in which Claudius makes the presumptuous claim; it has the ring that suits the character of that treacherous "king of shreds and patches."

The sage advice of Polonius to Laertes might easily be framed from Raleigh's Instructions to His Son and Postterity. Says Polonius:

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Sir Walter admonishes his son: "Be careful to avoid disputes at feasts or at tables among choleric or quarrelsome persons. * * * But if thou be once engaged, carry thyself bravely that they may fear thee after.

Again Polonius:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Raleigh tells his son: "Exceed not in the humor of rags and bravery; for these will soon wear out of fashion; but money in thy purse will ever be in fashion; and no man is ever esteemed for brave garments but by fools and women."

The keynote of the Instructions is struck by Polonius when he says: "This, above all; to thine own self be true." Says Raleigh: "If thou smart, smart for thine own sins, and, above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men."

Hamlet's praise of Horatio as a man who has taken Fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks, has a counterpart in the Arts of Empire: "He only is to be reputed a man whose mind cannot be puffed up by prosperity or dejected by adverse fortune.

Since the Baconians often rely on the veriest trifles to bolster their brief, it may not be amiss to note that the line "In my mind's eye, Horatio," has a parallel in a letter addressed by Raleigh to Cecil on the death of the latter's wife: "Looking no less with the eyes of the mind than those of the body." The phrase seems to have been a favorite with Sir Walter. We find it again in the continuation of Cynthia:

But that the eyes of my mind held her beams
In every part transferred by love's swift thought.

"Love's swift thought" also recalls Hamlet's eager demand to his father's ghost:

Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love
May sweep to my revenge.

The famous soliloquy beginning "To be or not to be" is known wherever the English language extends. These six words are simple enough in themselves, but, as employed by Hamlet, they form an unusual combination. In a grand paragraph of the preface to the History of the World, which has the mystery of creation for its theme, there occurs this sentence: "For to be and not to be at once is impossible." The history was written while Raleigh was in the Tower. Hamlet was published in quarto during the first years of his imprisonment. Would it be grasping at straws similar to those the Baconians so eagerly clutch, to urge this as another indication that Sir Walter

Raleigh, if he did not write "Shakespeare," had a finger or two in the production of Hamlet?

But it is not necessary to rest here. In Othello there are master touches which add still greater force to my contention that it was Raleigh, rather than Bacon, who wrote the plays if Shakespeare was not the legitimate author. Viewed in the light of his own adventurous and romantic career, we can easily imagine that it is Raleigh, instead of the black general, who makes that powerful address to the Venetian senate in defense of his elopement with Desdemona. Almost from his boyish days Sir Walter had passed through battles, sieges and fortunes. His life had been a round of chances, disastrous and otherwise; he had encountered moving accidents by flood and field, and he could speak personally of antres vast and deserts idle, of the cannibals that each other eat, and the anthropophagi and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. Raleigh, as a matter of fact, described the anthropophagi in the account of his voyage to Guiana. And who knows but Othello's story was based on his secret wooing of the fair maid of honor at Elizabeth's court, which brought down vials of imperial wrath upon his unlucky head?

Then there is a reminiscent jingle in Iago's celebrated injunction to Roderigo: "Put money in thy purse." Raleigh, as we have seen, advised his son that "money in the purse will ever be in fashion." It is Iago also who says:

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches finelss is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

The same sentiment is contained in the Arts of Empire: "The poor man that patiently endures his wants is rich enough." Are these "parallels" mere coincidences?

Yet there are others of equal pregnancy in this tragedy. Many students have been struck with the strange fact that in an age when drinking was the fashion in every grade of life, Shakespeare, in spite of his own delight in sack and revelry, depicts little of the tavern life of his times. Praise of wine comes almost exclusively from Sir John Falstaff, a notorious braggart and shameless confidence man; while there are many notable lines in the dramas designed to make drunkenness, in all its phases and manifestations, odious, hateful and dangerous. So marked is this tendency that in an address on his toppers and tipplers I extolled "Shakespeare" as the supreme temperance apostle of his day.

The scene between Iago and Cassio in the second act of Othello, is especially pronounced in this regard. Overcome by drunken remorse, Cassio bewails his shattered reputation; he has lost the immortal part of himself, and what remains is bestial.

"Drunk and speak parrot," he cries, "and squabble, swear and discourse fustian with one's shadow? O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil. * * * O, God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with

joy, pleasure and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!"

In one of the most forceful chapters of the Instructions to His Son, Raleigh gives this admonition:

"Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there never was any man who came to honor and preferment that loved it; for it *transformeth a man into a beast*, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old and despised of all wise and worthy men. * * * Anacharsis saith, 'The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for madness.' But in youth there is not so much as one draught permitted, for it putteth fire to fire, and wasteth the natural heat and seed of generation. * * * Pliny saith, 'Wine makes the hand quiver and eyes water, the night unquiet, lewd dreams and an utter forgetfulness of all things.' * * * St. Augustine describeth drunkenness as a flattering devil, a sweet poison, pleasant sin, which whosoever hath, hath not himself; which whosoever doth commit, doth not commit sin, but he himself is only sin."

Here we have not only the whole spirit of Cassio's self-denunciation, but actual phrases and epithets used by him. This in itself is suggestive; yet scattered through the plays are other passages denoting the same origin:

It is a custom

More honor'd in the breach than the observance.
—Hamlet.

He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his crade.—Othello.

They were red hot with drinking:
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet. * * *

At last I left them
I' the filthy mangled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chin, that the foulness
Overstunk their feet.—Tempest.

He's a sworn rioter; he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valor prisoner;
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him; in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'tis infer'd to us
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.
—Timon of Athens.

Olivie—What's a drunken man like, fool?
Clown—Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman;
one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second
mads him, and a third drowns him.—Twelfth Night.

When these extracts are read in conjunction with Raleigh's solemn warnings against indulgence in drink, it does not seem unreasonable to infer that they had a common ancestor. Sir Walter's attitude toward wine and wassail was unique in that age. No such arraignment of the evils of drunkenness is to be found in Bacon's works or in those of any other literary light of the period. Thomas Decker went further than most of his contemporaries when he declared that "drinking healths is drinking sickness." Indeed, some of the worst examples of the ravages of alcohol were among

that very "generation of giants and gods" which created the masterpieces of English dramatic poetry. It would be strange, therefore, for William Shakespeare, a devotee of Bacchus, to assume this role of temperance preacher, and echo the very sentiments employed by Raleigh in his condemnation of the national vice.

The sympathetic manner in which "Shakespeare" draws his characters of the Roman Catholic faith has led many persons to assume that he was a Catholic himself. Isabella in Measure for Measure, is the sweet embodiment of a saint-like nun, and his priests have invariably the high aims and broad charity that distinguish so many reverend fathers of the church. The prayer of Claudius in Hamlet embraces some of the dearest tenets of the "old faith;" the ghost is an exemplar of the doctrine of purgatory, and the Prince of Denmark's regret that the "Everlasting has set his canon 'gainst self-slaughter" is not evoked by Biblical command, but is in accord with the teaching of the church, which has always denounced suicide as one of the worst of sins.

This canon was evidently in Raleigh's own mind when he attempted suicide, in July, 1603, soon after his committal to the Tower on the charge of treason. In a letter written to his wife before this act, he says: "I know that it is forbidden to destroy ourselves, but I trust it is forbidden in this sort—that we destroy not ourselves, despairing of God's mercy." The fact that the quarto, which gave Hamlet virtually in the shape as we read it to-day, was published in 1604, becomes peculiarly significant taken in connection with this melancholy incident in Raleigh's career.

All efforts to prove that either William Shakespeare or his parents were Catholics have failed. Sir Walter's mother, it is well known, was a devout communicant of the church, and while her son was brought up as a Protestant, he would be more than human if some of the spirit of her religious belief did not infuse itself into his character or habits of mind. His biographers tell us that he was tolerant of the religious opinions of others, and he himself avers that his intense antagonism to the Spaniards was not due to prejudice against the Catholic faith, but to "hatred of the tyrannous prosperity of Spain."

One feature in "Shakespeare's" works that repels Americans is the contempt often expressed for the plain people. He cannot abide "base mechanic slaves" that "smell of sweat." He calls them the "fool" and "hydra-headed multitude," and ransacks his vocabulary for words to belittle and insult them. So marked is this trait that several eminent critics have termed him the poet of the peerage or aristocracy of Great Britain. Such a disposition seems out of accord with the man we know as Shakespeare, who was himself of the "people;" but it is in keeping with the accepted character of Raleigh, who, with all his great qualities, in the heyday of his career was proud, haughty and arrogant to a fault. Dislike and disdain of the common herd of mankind crops out frequently in his works, and his scornful epithets have a decided "Shakespearean" ring.

He complains of them as being "generally variable,

rash and void of judgment." "The applause of the multitude," he declares, "is the outcry of an herd of animals, who, without the knowledge of any true cause, please themselves with the noise they make." A man of his stamp and inclination would revel in the mad passion of Coriolanus against the people whose voices he begged; he would be at home with Marcellus in the scene where the commoners are denounced for assembling in honor of the triumph of Julius Caesar.

The mind of Raleigh may also be traced in the historical plays. He was an ardent patriot. It was his main ambition to promote the fame of England and place her in a proper light before the world. He expressed discontent with the fragmentary manner in which English history had been written. Whole sentences in his *Arts of Empire* are couched in the recognized "Shakespearean" diction. "Shakespeare's" kings and queens, lords and dukes, use language and utter sentiments that might have been lifted bodily from Raleigh's manuscript.

"Shakespeare's" Henry IV, tells Prince Hal of the disrepute acquired by being "common-hackney'd in the eyes of men." The king, by being seldom seen, could not stir, "but like a comet I was wonder'd at." Richard II., on the other hand, this famous speech proceeds, "mingled his royalty with capering fools, enfeoffed himself to popularity," so

That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes.

They surfeited with honey and began

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little

More than a little is by much too much.

Raleigh had exactly this lesson in view when he wrote: "To be oft in sight and converse much with men breedeth a kind of satiety; therefore, it behooveth persons of great estate and authority to be retiring, lest overmuch familiarity should detract from the reverence due to honorable estate."

Nearly all the references to the quality of mercy in the plays are covered by this sentence in the "*Arts of Empire*": "The next virtue required in princes is clemency, being an inclination of the mind to lenity and compassion, yet tempered with severity and judgment. This quality is for all great personages, but chiefly princes, because their occasion to use it is most; by it also the love of man is gained."

It is also remarkable that in his preface to *The History of the World*, Raleigh says it would have sorted more with his disposition "to have set together (as I could) the unjointed and scattered frame of our English affairs than of the universal." Further on he gives a sketch of the episodes of English history that he had in mind, which deals with the identical reigns and traverses practically the same ground as the historical plays of "Shakespeare."

He touches on the trouble between King John and the Pope, states that many of the deeds of Richard II. were unworthy of his greatness, and denounces Henry IV. for weakness, treachery and had' faith to the Lords and Parliament, as well as for his instigation of the murder of Richard, after protesting that the deposed king should live. Richard III. is por-

trayed as the greatest master in mischief of all that forwent him, and "although for the necessity of his tragedy he had more parts to play and more to perform in his own person than all the rest, yet he was well fitted for affection that played with him as if each of them had but acquitted his own interest." Of Henry VIII., he says, "If all the pictures and patterns of a merciless prince were lost to the world they might all again be painted to the life out of the story of this king."

Can it be mere coincidence that "Shakespeare's" historical plays are confined to the same reigns and treated practically in the same manner that Raleigh mapped out for himself as a prose historian?

That he had a lively fancy for the stage and a knowledge of stagecraft is shown by his allusions to tragedies and players in this famous preface. One striking passage reads:

"For seeing God, who is the author of all our tragedies, hath written out for us and appointed us all the parts we are to play, and hath not in their distribution been partial to the most mighty princes of the world * * * why should other men, who are but as the least worms, complain of wrongs? Certainly there is no other accompt to be made of this ridiculous world than to resolve that the changes of fortune on the great theater is but as the change of garments on the less, for where on the one and the other every man wears but his own skin, the players are all alike."

The atmosphere of the theater also pervades this poem:

What is our life? The play of passion,
Our mirth? The music of division.

Our mothers womb the tiring houses he,

Where we are dressed for life's short comedy.

The earth the stage; Heaven the spectator is,

Who sits and views who'er does act amiss.

The graves which hide us from the scorching sun

Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.

Thus, playing post we to our latest rest,

And then we die in earnest, not in jest.

It does not require much skill, I submit, nor any unusual stretch of imagination, to trace in these quotations the source of inspiration, at least, of Jacques' famous soliloquy on the Seven Ages of Man:

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players;

They have their exits and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts, etc.

So wide and generally exact is the knowledge that "Shakespeare" displays of various walks of life that many students believe he must have been a soldier, a sailor, a statesman, a courtier, a physician and a lawyer, as well as the greatest dramatic poet that ever lived. By one great authority he was called the "myriad-minded." Lord Campbell found in him a

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profound lawyer, whose law is always good law; the Germans discovered in him a philosopher and a metaphysician of a reach beyond the boundaries of this or any other age. Emerson said: "He is the horizon beyond which we can not see." Into whatever sphere of thought we travel, this "miracle of time" seems to have been the pathfinder.

In the manifestations of so complex a character, natural genius, of course, counts for much. It can overcome obstacles that would be unsurmountable by education alone. We have "Shakespeare's" assurance that the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, can range from earth to heaven and from heaven to earth, and give form and substance, habitation and name, to things unknown. But can it give life-like truth to mundane forms and conditions without having actual cognizance thereof? Could the mimic life of the actor, even illuminated by transcendent genius, confer that marvellous knowledge of human nature in all its various phases which is exhibited in the dramas of "Shakespeare?"

Little as we know of William Shakespeare personally, we do know that he was neither a soldier, a seaman, a statesman, a doctor, nor a lawyer. He was an actor and theatrical manager, whose early history is obscure and untraceable for many years. What school he attended is unknown. Sir Walter Raleigh was in the sunlight of publicity all his life. He was educated at Oxford, where he was, according to Anthony à Wood, strongly advanced in academical learning and became proficient in oratory and philosophy. One of his earliest biographers concludes as follows: "Authors are perplexed under what topic to place him, whether of statesman, seaman, soldier, chemist or chronologer, for in all these he did excel. He could make everything he read or heard his own, and his own he could easily prove to his own advantage. He seemed to be born to that only which he went about, so dexterous was he in all his undertakings, in court, in camp, by sea, by land, with sword, with pen."

An account of his execution ends with similar testimony to the versatility of his mind and accomplishments: "Kneeling with his face towards the East, he gave a signal, and with two strokes of the axe Raleigh was severed from all the vicissitudes and troubles of this world, and England, by the act of a cold-hearted, unfeeling tyrant, deprived of a man who, whether regarded as a statesman or patriot, as a soldier or a seaman, a scholar, a poet or philosopher, must be ranked among the brightest ornaments of the age in which we live."

We have here a catalogue of the qualities required by the author of "Shakespeare." Bacon's manifold acquirements in the whole province of learning and statecraft fall short of the list; while those of the reputed author of the plays, so far as we have any knowledge outside of the works themselves, are too insignificant for serious consideration. That Raleigh had the ability, as well as the temperament and equipment, to write the world-famed dramas is, to my mind, beyond all cavil.

His acknowledged poetry stands high in the literature of the period. His sonnet that is affixed to most editions of the "Fairy Queen," beginning "Methinks I saw the grave where Laura lies," and which was deemed worthy of imitation by Milton and several other great poets, is classed as one of the finest in the English language. His elegy on the death of Sydney was the best that melancholy event called forth, blending "the passion of personal regret with the dignity of public grief." One stanza, declares an eminent critic, might be inscribed on a monument to Sydney:

England doth hold thy limbs, that bred the same;
Flanders thy valor, where thy last was tried;
The camp thy sorrow, where thy body died;
Thy friends thy want; the world thy virtue's fame.

And what is more "Shakespearean" in thought and treatment than his "Silent Lover":

Persons are likened best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmurs, but the deeps are dumb;
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover!

Raleigh's poetry, indeed, left a distinct mark on the literature of a most brilliant age. There were far more tributes to his poetical genius during his lifetime than "Shakespeare" elicited from his admirers. In 1598 Francis Meres referred to him as "one of the most passionate amongst us to bewail and bemoan the perplexities of love." Puttenham, in 1589, said in the Art of English Poesy, "For ditty and amorous ode, I find Sir Walter Raleigh's vein most lofty, insolent and passionate." Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, averred that Raleigh's lost poem, Cynthia, was "a fine and sweet invention." And Edmund Spenser himself, Raleigh's close associate and confidant, addressed him as "the summer nightingale," whose tuneful ear might be unseasoned by his own "rustic madrigal," the Fairy Queen, in the publication of which Sir Walter largely assisted.

Modern critics have been equally generous in praise of his literary work. William Godwin declares that he was "a writer more learned than Shakespeare, more polished by the varieties of human intercourse, and that with persons of the highest eminence and station than Hooker." "He loved letters intensely," says Eugene Lawrence, "and was one of those bountiful protectors of literature in this age who gave without

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a thought of patronage or any desire but to help upward the aspiring intellect." "He gave up only five hours of the twenty-four to sleep," states Martin Hume, in *Builders of Great Britain*, and spent every hour he could snatch to study. His reading must have been omnivorous, for his breadth of view, his depth of knowledge and his profundity of thought—far in advance of his contemporaries—prove him to have been perhaps the most universally capable Englishman that ever lived—a fit contemporary of Shakespeare and Bacon."

Now, if a reviser or editor were required for plays purchased from needy scholars by Shakespeare, who was more fitted for the work than Raleigh? He had ample time in the Tower for the task at the very period when the greatest of the plays were being produced at the Globe theater. He was an intimate of the leading dramatists of the age. He was chairman, if not the founder, of the famous Mermaid Club, where the immortal wit-combats took place between Shakespeare and Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford and Webster and other brilliant men.

Before he was committed to the English Bastile, he had contemplated founding a literary bureau to bring learned men together for mutual aid and encouragement. His plan, according to Sir William Petty, was in the nature of a clearing house for current literature—"a plan by which the wants and desires of all learned men might be made known to each other, where they might know what is already done in the business of learning, what is at present doing, and what is intended to be done; to the end that by such a general communication of designs and mutual assistance, the wits and endeavors of the world may no longer be so many scattered coals, which, having no union, are soon quenched, whereas, being laid together, they would have yielded a comfortable light and heat. For the present condition of man is like a field where a battle having been lately fought, we see many legs, arms and organs of sense lying here and there which, for want of conjunction and a soul to quicken and enliven them, are fit for nothing but to feed the ravens and infect the air; so we see many wits and ingenuities dispersed up and down the world, whereof some are now laboring to do what is already done, and puzzling themselves to reinvent what is already invented; others we see quite stuck fast in difficulties for default of a few directions, which some other man might be met withal who both could and would most easily give him. Again, one man requires a small sum of money to carry on some design that requires it, and there is perhaps another who has twice as much ready to bestow upon the same design; but these two, having no means to hear the one of the other, the good work intended and desired by both parties does utterly perish and come to nothing."

If Shakespeare was only the shrewd theatrical manager that the Baconites claim, a man who bought the reversion of old plays to remodel them to suit the requirements of his stage, he would most certainly seek an alliance with the projector of this great literary

aid society. And Raleigh, in the Tower, would accept the work of revision as a labor of love. He would have the strongest of motives to keep this work secret, since King James knew the part Richard II. had been made to play in the Essex conspiracy, and would have been only too glad to make Sir Walter's connection with the theater an excuse for beheading him much sooner than he did. Shakespeare's dearest interests would also have been bound up in a strict policy of silence. The great dramas were putting money in his purse, and he could naturally stand as "their only begetter," when the real parent could only acknowledge his relationship at the cost of his life.

I submit that the evidence herewith presented warrants the presumption, at least, that Raleigh has a better title to the authorship of "Shakespeare" than Lord Bacon. We have seen that, beyond any of his contemporaries, he had the requisite experience and mental equipment needed to produce them. He had the true dramatic instinct which governs and permeates them; he was familiar with the scenes they present and the characters they portray. His own life was theatrical in every respect; almost every stage of his career was essentially dramatic and thrilling.

Witness his splendid entrance into court life. My Lord Bacon would have gladly spread his costly coat in the mud to keep the dainty feet of Elizabeth unsoiled; but his wit was hardly equal to such a grand opportunity. Witness Raleigh's grand bearing during his trial as he calmly and skillfully repelled the vicious attacks of his prosecutors. Witness also the last act on the scaffold. Feeling the edge of the axe, he remarks with a smile: "This is a sharp medicine, but it is a remedy for all diseases." When the executioner asks which way he prefers to lay his head on the block, as he hends for the fatal strokes, he says: "So the heart be right, it matter not how the head lies."

These last words are truly "Shakespearean;" and what nobler or more exciting scene can be found in the whole range of the "Shakespearean" tragedies than that which marked the beheading of Sir Walter Raleigh?

Data Unnecessary.

This is one of Editor Tom McNeal's stories heard in court, where an attempt was being made to impeach the plaintiff in the action: "Bill Slivers, an old resident, was called as an impeachment witness. 'Are you acquainted with the reputation of the plaintiff in this community for truth and veracity?' 'Yes.' 'What is it, good or bad?' 'Bad.' 'How many people,' asked the attorney for the plaintiff, 'did you ever hear say the plaintiff's reputation was bad?' 'Never heard anybody say that it was bad,' answered Bill. 'Didn't need to. I reckon I know the plaintiff is a damn liar without askin' anybody else about it.'—Atlanta Constitution.

People are afraid of panics, which is one reason why panics happen.

JAKE LINGLE'S SCOOP

or

The Cub Reporter's R-Revenge.

The flock of reporters ordinary drew back from about the desk of the day city editor of The Tribune. Fox Lawson and Bloodhound Gothart, pillars of the staff, had just entered the room. The Fox strode erect as to the purple born and cast a haughty glance over the scene of many triumphs. The Bloodhound trailed behind, carrying a mystery in each pocket, and leveling on every occupant of the room a suspicious cataloging look.

As beffited the superstars of The Tribune staff, they gazed over the other newsmongers as dust of the earth and carried their findings in the strange Leegson murder case direct to the desk. There the Fox talked by and large on the importance of certain supposed clews while the Bloodhound claimed the ear of his chief with enigmatic whispers unheard by the ring of reporters who watched history in the making with fascinated awe.

"No arrests in this case have been made," announced the Fox with the finality of a supreme court justice, "and there are no clews. This case never shall be solved. Therefore, it will make the finest mystery story of years, and so I shall write it."

The Fox and the Bloodhound no sooner had sat down to a typewriter to figure out their lead when the office boy shouted:

"Jake Lingle on the telephone. Got something on the murder."

"Lingle," snorted the two stars in chorus. "Is that cub our goat? Tell Lingle real reporters are covering this story. Tell him to get out and not horn in. Somebody else talk to him and keep him quiet."

"Ha, ha, ha," suddenly exploded the Bloodhound. "Spouse Lingle has another Cherin case. Ever hear that story, Fox?"

"No, tell it. For bonehead plays that cub always will have something new."

"Just happened the other day," said the Bloodhound; "and, say!—ha, ha, ha,—it certainly did make that cub sore. It was printed in THE SCOOP, too. You know Lingle was down here in the office the day of that northwest side bank robbery, and somebody with a false tip calls up and accuses Jimmy Cherin, the sixteen-year-old son of that west side saloonkeeper. Lingle takes the phone tip as a hunch and tells Captain Ryan. Captain Ryan thinks that tip looks good, and sends ten men out to Cherin's saloon. They seize the boy, who is in bed sick. The boy says he has to be operated on, and finally the police consent to take him to a hospital where he is operated on. Then they take him over to the station, but the boy collapses and has to be taken back to the hospital. Old man Cherin was wild. He called the Tribune, and I got the story. Say, it was a hummer—abused boy, probably dying, ten policemen, torn from bed, operation—I forgot nothing. It was Page One. That night Lingle came in and said the Cherin boy was 'guilty as hell, and they have him pinched for that robbery.' But we ran the story."

"The next morning Captain Ryan had to turn the boy loose. Lawyer threatened to get a habeas writ. And Lingle—he was so stung he didn't show up. He got it at the police station, though, for Captain Ryan thought it was a Tribune frame-up to put him in bad. I thought that showdown would keep that cub under cover for a few months anyway. Everybody had the laugh on him. I certainly showed him up right."

"Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho," roared the Fox. "Did you really get him as bad as that? 'Guilty as hell' eh? Falling for everything the police told him. Well, I like to see those cubs shown up. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—"

"Say, youse," broke in the office boy, "the boss wants to see you."

"Did you tell me no one was arrested in this Leegson murder?" asked the city editor.

"In the Leegson murder case," stated the Fox resuming the air of authority, "there have been no arrests and it is not probable any will be made for a day or so."

"Lingle here," said the boss, "just has telephoned that an arrest has been made in the case."

"Now, say," said the Bloodhound, "we're coverin' this story. We don't want to be bothered with a cub police reporter's dreams. Somebody has been arrested for beating his mother-in-law and Lingle is all excited and jumping at the conclusion it's the Leegson murderer. Some copper is stringing him. We got the facts. Understand? We got the facts."

"But Lingle says he has seen the prisoner," continued the boss, "and it is a copper skinned negro whose description fits that of the man seen walking down the road with Miss Leegson on her tragic trip. Also, according to Lingle, the arrested negro has a bad record and has a lot of jewelry with him."

"Bah!" said the Bloodhound, "Nothing to it," but he began pulling his Van Dyke a bit nervously.

"Hmm," mumbled the Fox. "What station is the prisoner?"

"At the bureau, Lingle says."

"We'll call up the bureau," says the Bloodhound, "and show that cub up."

"Hello, this the bureau?"

"Got a nigger over there in this Leegson murder?"

"You have! Suspected of murdering the Leegson girl?"

"He is?"

"Well," said the Fox, turning around to the Bloodhound. "We're scooped."

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ACOLYTE, OR APOSTLE?

One of the college type of reporter tiptoed into the Tribune local room the other night and applied for a job. His first confession was that he never had done newspaper work. City editor Howey looked discouraged and used the easy letting-down method of having the applicant "go over there and write what a newspaper is." Assistant city editor Washburne grinned.

In a few minutes the collegian tiptoed back and laid this on the desk:

—

Newspaper work, like the drama or the opera, finds its duty in so far as it affects an audience. It is essentially a public work, appealing directly to the larger mass of people and living only so far as it gains that public's approval. It is in essence a means of affecting the public mind.

This effect may be classified into three sections:

First, the newspaper merely as a means of information. This is in general what most people consider it.

Second, a pedagogic influence. This, no less important, is usually held contemptuously or is ignored by its readers. Third, it is a means of entertainment and amusement, which really is the influential factor in securing a large circulation.

As a means of information the newspaper is merely a record of daily events. It must from this aspect be as unimpassioned, unprejudiced as a camera. It is not, however, photographic but rather selective. Too much news is at hand. Thus editors must select the more important. Every reader will have his particular interest. It is, then, the duty of the newspaper, as an agent of information, to select that which interests the largest number. Thus we say the successful newspaper represents its locality.

As a teacher the newspaper has a more difficult work. The sincere paper will not in this case try to coincide with the popular prejudice. Only so far as that prejudice is good for the community can it honestly agree. The aim then of the teaching newspaper is not to be read merely by people congenial with its ideals. It is an effort in political evangelism. It tries to convert its enemies. Thus a newspaper successful in this second requirement will not intolerantly attack and club its opponents among the people. It will, rather, temperately try to convince them of their error.

As an amusement the newspaper finds its most delicate and subtle task. How can it at once attract and cultivate the public mind? Just as the other duties had to do respectively with simple facts and political opinions and ideals, the third requirement finds its subject in the arts. The attractive story or sketch, the well drawn and clever caricature, the enlightening book review or criticism of the latest drama, find their places here. The good newspaper will not only try to keep up with the day as in the first case, nor merely convince the mind as in the second. It will in this third aim to lead its readers in taste and culture.

Though sharply distinct, the three aims of the newspaper—informative, pedagogical and cultural, are no less interpenetrative. The news selected should be high in moral and aesthetic value, as well as politically convincing. The ideas propounded should be in touch with the events of the day. The entertainment afforded must be in the spirit of what is happening and consistent with the newspaper's political ideals. Thus a drama dealing with modern problems will find more notice than one of Elizabethan times. The newspaper is, in short, a personality. It will be great in so far as it is original, fearless and honest.

—

He got the job.

The Power of Five Dollars.

Upton Sinclair, the author and celebrated divorce man, tells this story about a school address he once made.

"It was a school of little boys," said Mr. Sinclair, "and I opened my address by laying a five-dollar bill upon the table.

"I am going to talk to you boys about socialism," I said, "and when I finish the boy who gives me the best reason for turning socialist will get this five-dollar bill."

"Then I spoke some twenty minutes. The boys were all converted at the end. I began to question them.

"You are a socialist?" I said to the boy nearest me.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"And why are you a socialist?" I asked.

"He pointed to the five-dollar bill.

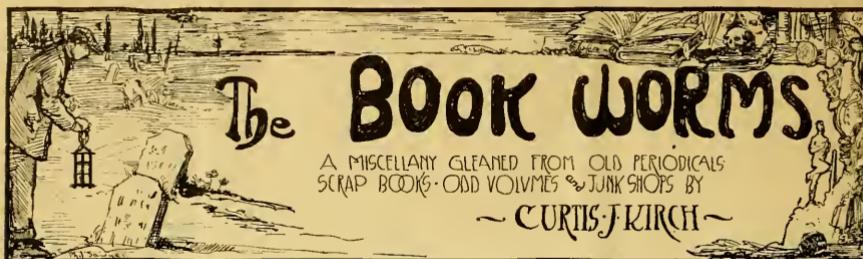
"Because I need the money," he said."

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Hall Caine on Librarians.

The sensation which the publication of Hall Caine's new novel, *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, created in England when the libraries there refused to supply it, it being mildly repeated in this country. The Mercantile Library, of Philadelphia, have definitely barred the book from their shelves, and other libraries have stated their intention to do likewise. The book is now a center of controversy.

Many clergymen and other prominent people praise its purpose, others declare it immoral.

What constitutes an immoral novel? Mr. Caine, who expects to visit America shortly, will no doubt have much to say on that question when he arrives. His very cocky utterance over there has already received comment in these pages. The following letter was received by his publishers, who have been kind enough to forward it. This publication is glad to give it space, in a spirit of fair play:

"I am quite pained and surprised to hear that a number of American libraries have placed a ban on my latest book, *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, and have called it an immoral tale, despite the moral lesson that I desired to teach. It of course makes little difference to me whether a few thousand more or less of my work are bought for library circulation. What does matter is that a novel which I have written with all the resources of my brain and all the forces of my soul should now be denied an audience which I specially desire to reach—the large and sincere audience that depend for their literature on the great free libraries of your country. I belonged to that audience myself in England in my youth and early manhood, and hence it would be a lasting grief to me to feel that in the judgment of even a few librarians I had written a book which was not fit for such readers as I was forty years ago.

"In the great world of books the free libraries occupy the place of custodians of the public conscience. When they come across a book of doubtful character, it is right and proper that they should examine into it and

find whether it is fit for public circulation, but in order to see how difficult and dangerous the task of the librarians as censors of morals is, they have only to reflect on the vast number of books which were excluded by their predecessors and are now lent without restriction by the libraries every day. I mention in that connection a few books that are now considered to be among the noblest in all literature, such as Adam Bede, Jane Eyre, Anna Karenina, Resurrection, Tess, Jude, and others that have all been subjected to the librarian's ban.

"The truth is that morality is developing and that not the process of time, merely, or the triumph of literary art by the broadening sense of moral responsibility is operating to reverse the verdicts which were pronounced against some of the books of the past. Hence I say that in the exercise of censorship the librarians are running the risk of grievous error and of impeding the progress of public morality which it is their duty to promote. I only ask that in judging a book, let the basis of consideration be the aim of the author. I claim that any book calculated to have a pure influence with a well considered motive for good is suitable for general circulation, and I ask that the aim of my book and not particular scenes (despite their moral force) be the basis for judgment.

"One of the grievous errors of many people is to assume that if a book contains scenes of immorality it is an immoral book. That is by no means so. It is wrong to conclude that because you see in a book bad people or wicked scenes that the book itself is necessarily bad and wicked. Unhappily, there are many bad people and wicked scenes in life, and to write them in the right way may be the most moral thing an author can do.

"Behind any book is the man who wrote it, and if he is a man of pure aims, and at the same time a true artist, he can teach a powerful lesson by an intimate study of any side of life, no matter how disgusting and revolting it may seem. Therefore, when a novel, written out of a clean heart, attempts to deal with some of the vital moral problems which affect the lives of the young and old of both sexes (however outspoken it may be within the limits of decency), is it not a very grave responsibility which the librarians of your public

libraries undertake when they exclude it from your libraries?"

Mr. Caine never has been over modest on the subject of his work or his own abilities. Both may be considered to the extent of a fair percentage of his estimates, and no harm done.

Question is here raised upon the standard by which he measures the nobility of literature, and comes rather near to answering itself in the minus if the books he names come up to it. But there is sound justice in what he has to say about library censorship. America is almost as prudish in that department as England herself. We have many glorious heritages from the mother country, but that particular one we have no thanks for. Our libraries are ruled by an academic few upon whose minds the hateful influence of the old English and New England puritanism still has power. Mr. Caine's latest book is no prodigy. There isn't a smile in all its voluminous bulk. He has ceased to be a man of letters, and become just what he intimates—a teacher. This present screed offers no admiration for his book, nor for him. But it backs up his protest. He is right.

(Pretty good press stuff, this. But the book needs it, and it is given ungrudgingly.)

REMINISCENCES, SERMONS, AND CORRESPONDENCE, by Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D. New York. G. P. Putnam & Sons.—The Press Club has received a copy of this work, which is certain to attract more than ordinary attention in the world of Christian Science. When the great church was built at West Ninety-first street in New York City, Mrs. Stetson's position in the organization was so distinguished that her private residence was made, architecturally, a part of the structure. As all great prophets have had Companions, the friends of Mrs. Stetson have always looked on her as the due successor of Mrs. Eddy in the propaganda. We probably cannot do better than to copy the following notice of the new book, appearing in the New York Progressive, Sept. 20, 1913:

"The most accurate, systematic and authoritative elucidation of the truths, principles and teachings of Christian Science that has appeared since Mary Baker Eddy's 'Miscellaneous Writings,' may be found in the above entitled book, which has recently been published by G. P. Putnam & Sons.

"Mrs. Stetson was the founder of the first church in this city and has long been known as a close and highly valued friend of Mrs. Eddy, of whom she is regarded as the logical and legitimate successor in all matters pertaining to that new and remarkable religious system which now numbers over two millions of devout adherents in this country and abroad.

"The work is intensely interesting and instructive and is considered to be supplementary to 'Science and

Health, or a Key to the Scriptures,' which is the textbook of Christian Science throughout the world.

"Every thoughtful Christian of every denomination should read Mrs. Stetson's remarkable book, especially those who do not understand the aims of Christian Science."

THANKS ACCEPTED, APOLOGY OFFERED.

633 W. 61st Place, Chicago, Oct. 14, 1913. DEAR SCOOP:—Please accept my hearty and sincere thanks for the very flattering write-up you gave me last week. For the sake of historical accuracy, however, I should like to correct a few errors made by my unknown eulogist.

I never published a paper in Rushville, I was not engaged to come to Chicago to write the "Minor Key," but to do the Tribune's editorial paragraphs, and I think I was known around the office as the "Obituary Editor" rather than as "Old Hundred Weight." I came up in 1887, not '86, and for two or three years my stuff was all "run together." Then the exchange editor, H. R. W. Smith, suggested that I put the colloquies and bits of verse into a separate department, with a head on it. I asked him to suggest a head—something "different." "How would 'In a Minor Key' do?" he asked.

"Exactly the thing," I said.

That was the start of the "M. K."

In conjunction with Tom Camp I was in the newspaper business in Bushnell from 1881 to 1883. "Rushville"—the home of my boyhood—probably was a typographical error for Bushnell. I never did harder work, though, nor in my humble judgment better work, than I did on the Prairie City Herald during the five or six years I was its editor and publisher.

Gratefully yours, C. W. TAYLOR.

YON'S NAE LEE.

[At a meeting of the Englewood Scottish Club a week or so back, the verses here following were sprung by John Freebairn Mackie. They celebrate one of the virtues that have made the Scotsman great—outside Scotland.]

There's naething that a Scotsman lo'es

Sae weel as a debate,
And, gin he were compelled tae choose
'Tween that and supper, he wad lose
His scones and jeel and cheering brews
And no' be oot a haet
Early or late.

Sin' Knox's day he set the pace
For a' the Scots sin' syne),
It's been the Scotsman's gift—or grace—
Tae tak' the senior wrangler's place,
Ahint his back or tae his face,
Wi' statesman or divine
, Or ither kin'.

It disna matter, lairge or sma'
Although the subject be,
His tongue will wag aboon them a'
On things at hame or far awa';
A problem in the moral law
Or steam or Watt. Says he:
"Hoots, man! Let's see."

Pete Vroom, talking about the west side, says, "their transportation is even worse than their baseball." Puzzle: In what part of the city does Pete pay rent?

"IN THE DAYS OF OLD RAMESES."

A. H. WAGGONER, PRESS CLUB.

It is revealed by a roll of papyrus recently discovered in an Egyptian tomb, that the first jokeshmith known to history was one Omniris, the court jester of Rameses. Omniris, it appears, was bald-headed, bow-legged and possessed of a mother-in-law with all and singular the appurtenances thereto. Thus he became the author of three witticisms, around which all the jokes that have been made in the last six thousand years have revolved.

Being the monarch of Egypt without constitutional restrictions, Rameses was somewhat of a progressive in his own way and demanded of his court jester that his schedule of jokes be enlarged and revised. In vain Omniris told his majesty that the supply of original jokes had been exhausted and there wasn't any more where they came from. Whereupon Rameses seized his big stick and smote Omniris upon the bean with such vigor that the unhappy court jester laid down and died—which was no joke.

Since that time, the descendants and successors of Omniris have carefully avoided doing anything original or rash in the production of humor. They are simply giving the ancient trinity of jokes with variations. You have them boiled, baked, fried, stewed, fricassee, roasted, poached, broiled, sun-baked and a la mode. They are seasoned with vinegar, pepper, salt, paprika, hair oil, soothing syrup, chili sauce and axle grease, but beneath this disguise you recognize the same old hairless, toothless, smileless, guileless and shameless jokes that strutted upon the stage when the Pharaohs were building the pyramids and the Cat of Bubastes was yowling nightly upon the ramparts of Thebes.

Thus we are discovering the ancestors of our modern jokes lying snugly alongside the mummies of Egyptian potentates and priests. We are excavating them from the ashes of Pompeii and we are digging them out of the debris of the brickyards of Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon. We are disinterring them from the buried cities of Greece and Asia Minor, and we are finding them under charred boneheaps in the homes of the cave men. What is more to the point and far less surprising, is the fact that they have the same chestnut odor, indicative of descent from the gods of Mount Olympus—the original gallery gods.

From the three original jokes of mankind sprang a multiplicity of variations, good, bad, indifferent, redolent and rotten. But from Omniris to Joe Miller, there has never been a joke made that you couldn't wash the paint off and read the original 'trade mark.'

For instance, the high-cost-of-living joke is a hybrid descendant of the mother-in-law atrocity and the bald-headed man monstrosity, the mother-in-law being charged with inciting her daughter to extravagance in dress and jewels; while the bald-headed man's well-known penchant for hot birds, cold bottles and warm soubrettes is said to be the cause of high living with the corresponding cost. According to an inscription on a clay tablet found in the foundations of a Babylonish playhouse of the "ten-twenty-thirt" vari-

ety, the high cost of living in the Assyrian capital led Nebuchadnezzar to join the vegetarians with a view to breaking up the beef trust. Instead of following their monarch to the upper pasture every day for their ration of alfalfa, the ungrateful mothers-in-law and bald-headed high livers of Babylon caused him to be pinched and taken to the detention hospital, where the doctors pronounced him as crazy as a congenital bean-eater or breakfast food fan. Which proved that he was impotent as the Sherman law in the matter of putting a crimp in any trust.

Some of the jokes that come giggling down the corridor of time are so badly disfigured that we are compelled to smell their breaths in order to classify them according to their genealogy and nativity. Here is one:

Poppea chided Nero for coming home late at night in a condition bordering upon the figure eight. "Why, O why, do you come home to me in this condition?" she exclaimed.

"E'cause, m'dear, all ze uzzer places are shut up."

This joke is good for sixteen variations in the hands of a competent spellbinder or joke cobbler in this twentieth century.

There is belief that every political chinwacker and after-dinner orator possesses a private copy of all the jokes that ever were made by any or all of the ancients. In the recent political campaign, one of the most noted Democratic orators in Chicago retold the age-old story of the fellow who accepted bribes from both sides on election day. The Democrats gave him three dollars to vote the Democratic ticket and the

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DEVELOPS

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A world-wide fraternity for the conservation of manhood.

Its multiform service commands the respect and support of private and corporate philanthropy.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago conducts work at twenty-one departments. Seven modern buildings located in the business and residential districts are equipped with standard Gyms, Natatoriums, Dormitories, Educational and Social features. The fees are within reach of all young men and older boys.

Visiting members are invited to be our guests while in Chicago.

Republicans then gave him five dollars to vote for them. He was boasting of his success after the election was over.

"And for which party did you vote?" he was asked.
"I voted the Democratic ticket," he replied.

"How was that? The Democrats gave you only three dollars, while the Republicans gave you five, and yet you voted the Democratic ticket. What did you do that for?"

"I did it because the Democrats were not as corrupt by two dollars as the Republicans were."

The original of this joke comes from China and dates back to 3684 B. C. A certain Chinese highbinder was employed by the insurgent faction to slay the chief mandarin of the city of Chin Foo. Another faction, friendly to the great official, bribed the professional assassin to refrain from the contemplated murder. Nevertheless he slew the mandarin as he was being carried through the streets in his sedan. The slayer was captured and being reproached for his duplicity, he said:

"The enemies of Chin Fang Tu gave me 6,000 tael to slay him, while his friends gave me 10,000 tael to spare his life. I slew him because his enemies were not as corrupt as were his friends."

History further records that he was set at liberty and given a position as funny man on the Daily Pro Gres, the official organ of the reformers.

Down to the year 1243 A. D., there were not over two score variations of the original three jokes invented by the court jester of Rameses, and several of these were punishable by death. In fact it was not until nearly eight hundred years later that the announcement could safely be made that the 2:02 train arrived promptly at two-two. Which, after all, is a bald-headed, front row habitue's idea of a joke. And then, too, the story of a fat man chasing a departing train is only a bald imitation of the classic narrative of Don Quixote charging the windmills.

Cervantes, by the way, was the best joke plagiarist of his fleeting age. He could take an antique and fill it with wormholes, so true to life that you at once started a search for the worms. Succeeding generations of jokemongers have been base imitations. Even the varnish smells of cottonseed oil.

Two things men have been unable to do. One is to invent a perpetual-motion machine. The other is to invent an original joke. And yet we wonder at the increase of insanity. If Nebuchadnezzar were alive to-day, he would see the point.

A great majority of the jokes that have come down to us are of the canned variety. Then there are quite a number that have as many wrappings on them as a mummy, while a few remind us of the petrified forests of New Mexico and Arizona. All of them are more or less birthmarked, having elongated ears, retreating foreheads and a tendency to sag at the waistband. Without them our continuous vaudeville performances would lack continuity of plot and sanity of purpose.

The question, "Is this hot enough for you?" was first propounded by the Persian king to Shadrach,

Meshaach and Abednego, whom he had cast into the fiery furnace. They said it wasn't, and proved it by crawling out of the furnace and asking his royal nibs to shut the door.

"The best place to have a boil is on some other fellow" was uttered by Job. His hired comforters deemed the remark both irreverent and irrelevant and cut it out of the King James version, with the result that whenever a man has a boil, he knows the joke is on himself.

The bald-headed joke has been worked overtime for sixty centuries and not always with profitable results. It will be remembered that the young hooligans who said unto Elisha the prophet, "Go up, thou bald-head," were chewed up by bears, which probably explains the origin of the conundrum concerning the similarity of the north pole to a bald head, the answer being "because it is a great white bare place."

So the story has descended until it has reached the bald-headed barber who recommends his particular brand of hair restorer to unhappy customers whose heads resemble nest eggs. The court jester of Rameses would scarcely recognize some of his offspring in their twentieth century garb. The talkative barber has been handed to us ever since the Egyptians wore their whiskers blocked. It was Ptolemy I. who, when asked by the court barber how he wanted his hair cut, replied "In silence."

Don Cervantes had the trick of taking a joke of the vintage of Methuselah, decking it out in Castilian splendor, surrounding it with a romantic halo, and making it talk like a four-year-old. It was Cervantes who sprung the joke which a half century ago was attributed to two famous Southern colonels, Lamar and Breckenridge. Lamar thought the whiskey which for twenty years had been stored in a charred oak barrel tasted of leather, and Breckenridge detected a flavor of iron. The worried distiller in drawing off the liquor, found in it a leather-headed tack. A key with a piece of leather was found in the cask in the story of a few hundred years ago. Heaven knows what it will be a hundred years hence. Possibly an old boot and a monkey wrench.

Under the rude and superficial treatment of our modern purveyors of footlight wit, the jokes of the old masters have become degenerates. Many of them are gibbering idiots. Quite a few are unprintable. All are unspeakable. Omnipis was never known to use a slapstick. Charles Lamb seasoned his warmed-over verbal condiments with ginger and aspic. The product of our modern joke-makers has the flavor of stale beer, without its one merit—that of improving the dream-making quality of Welsh rarebit.

"Lighthorse" Harry Hatton, who covered Springfield for the A. P., during last session, has been sent to St. Paul as correspondent. He has charge there. A. DeFord Pitney, who has been doing the night local stunt, was promoted to Hatton's old job, day local. Paul Williams is advanced to night local. He was early editor.

WALTER C. WRIGHT.

Walter Wright has been cheering the Press Club with his presence for a few days. He was in the Club when it was on Clark street, before 1890, and founded the Lumber Trade Journal here in 1887. In 1894 he transferred that periodical to New Orleans, where he has made it a big success, and Walter is renowned elsewhere as one of the hustlers of the New South. He used to be often at the Club on Madison street, and, if his dear friend, Joe Henderson, the librarian, needed a hundred dollar bookcase for the Club, all he had to do was to draw on Walter, who, in addition to his other benefactions, made John Ritchie, Joe Henderson, and John McGovern life members, paying a round thousand dollars for the three. Walter, of course, has been one of the patrons of the French Opera at New Orleans, and although it is a great loss to us, he gets along mighty peart among the magnolias, and is contented and successful and not the less loyal to his old friends.

*QUERY.

Here is one that dates back to the time Noah lit up on stuff that in his pressing thirst he swallowed raw, as related in *Holy Writ*. But it has what looks like a new dress on it. The *Herald*, of Glasgow, in Scotland, has just caught up with it, and spreads it thus:

An old worthy who was in the habit of calling each evening at the village inn for, a "drap o' the best" found the landlord busy putting a shine on the taps. After a few remarks about the weather he received his nightly dram. After he had gone, the landlord discovered to his horror that he had supplied Donald with a half-gill out of the bottle of sulphuric acid which he had just been using on the taps. Every moment he expected to hear of old Donald's death, and his relief was great when that old worthy arrived next evening. "Donald, what did ye think of the whisky ye got last night?"

Donald—"It was a fine dram—a good warming dram, but it had ane fault. Every time I coughed it set fire to ma whiskers."

Ever see or hear it that way before?

J. U. H. threatens to abandon his charming little burg of solar time long enough to spend two days in Chicago, October 28 and 29. He plans a noon visit to the trough on the 28th, which ought to be a signal for the S. R. O. sign in the dining room.

The history of the relations between the United States and Mexico is presented up to 1848, in a two-volume work by George L. Rivers, of New York, formerly Assistant Secretary of State, under the title, "The United States and Mexico, 1821-1848."

Professor John Spencer Bassett of Smith College, formerly of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., has written a short history of the United States for college use.



WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER, author: Born Owingsville, Ky., Nov. 25, 1842. Son of Frederick and Betty Walker (Lightfoot) V. Educated Bath Seminary, Owingsville; LL. B., University of Louisville, 1868; admitted to bar 1868, but never practiced. Married Emma Mason of Pittsfield, Ill., March 16, 1876 (died 1886). Served throughout the Civil war as a soldier in the northern army. Long engaged in newspaper work; has written over one thousand poems, published in many newspapers and magazines. Was on lecture platform many seasons, later acting in drama. Author *Carlisle of Colorado*; *Way Out Yonder*; *Thou Art Peter*; *Fetch Over The Canoe*; *Ten Wise Men and Some More*; *Amos Hudson's Motto* (verse); *Black Mammy*; *Harp of the South*; *Blue Grass Ballads*; *Chicago, an epic*; *Poems of the South*. Address Press Club of Chicago.



WALTER HODGE WOOD, born in St. Louis, son of the late Col. Thomas W. Wood, who was connected with the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* for thirty-six

years. Educated in the public schools. Did special newspaper work in St. Louis and then went to work for the Philadelphia Enquirer, where he established the first poultry department on a daily newspaper. Left the Enquirer to associate himself with the Chicago Examiner in the same capacity, that paper being the first Chicago paper to have a poultry department. Was one of the originators of the Chicago Poultry Society, whose object is to secure a permanent home and experimental station of the American Poultry Association for Chicago. Now editor and publisher of Child Betterment, a monthly magazine published in Chicago.



FRANK COMERFORD, lawyer, was born in Chicago Sept. 25, 1875; received a high school and legal education; practiced law in Chicago; elected as a Democrat to the Illinois Legislature in 1904; expelled by the House for attacking corrupt methods in the Legislature Feb. 8, 1905; special election was called by Governor Deneen for April 4, 1905, and he was re-elected to the House as an independent; active on the platform for a number of years as an advocate of political reform measures; police attorney of Chicago under Mayor Dunne; is a member of the Press Club.

Who Wants a Baby Girl?

Burton Rascoe, of the Tribune was sent out the other day to interview a woman who had appealed for help. The poor woman had twin daughters, fifteen months old, and the shoes they wore were made for four-year-olds. Burton wanted to take one of them home to his wife. "She'd love it to death," he said, but the woman didn't want to separate the twins, fearing the one who was left would die of loneliness. Anybody in the Club want to take care of this sweet little pair?

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

TERRE HAUTE STAR.

The puzzle of the ages to many sincere people is wrapped up in the question, "Is there life after death?" Over and over the question recurs in its various forms, "Beyond the grave—what?"

Religion bases its belief in a future life on faith, hope and promise as revealed in the bible. But other evidences accumulate to reinforce the religion of faith. The naturalist eventually becomes religious through a logical process of reasoning. He comes finally to the conclusion that there is no death in the usually accepted sense of the term. What the world calls death the naturalist understands is merely a process of transformation. By and by the glorious flowers which now spangle the roadways of our land will disappear and we shall look upon the woody stalks which now hold them aloft and exclaim, "The flowers are dead!" But a year hence we discover that through some mysterious process, through the instrumentality of sunshine, earth, air and moisture, the flowers have returned—have been born again. And so the endless process goes on all about us. And now men are reasoning that God has not set aside in the case of man—the flower of his creation—the universal law which governs all else in the earth about us.

As the seed in the flower is the germ of a new life, so there is in the body of man a soul which is likewise the germ of a new life. The body is simply the shell. A man who is 70 years of age has used ten bodies. Scientists tell us there is a complete change of the physical body every seven years. What we call death is the simple breaking down of the earth body. It resembles the taking away of the scaffold which has been used to construct the building. All that is vital and lasting then stands forth.

Of course there are plenty who scoff at these deductions. But the scoffer is such by nature. He has always existed. He was present among the twelve apostles and his name was Thomas. Always and everywhere he meets the claims of the patient investigator with the derisive cry, "You do not know, you cannot prove your claims, you must show me!" These scoffers lined the banks of the Hudson river when Robert Fulton made his first trip in his "Clermont." "She'll never work," they shouted. And when the vessel finally went out of service these fellows exultingly yelled, "We told you so!" But the Clermont was the germ of life from which has come the Imperator, a thousand feet in length and seven stories high.

Sir Oliver Lodge, president of the British association for the advancement of science, now comes to

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A special meeting of the Life Membership committee of twenty will be held in the clubhouse on Tuesday afternoon next, at 4 o'clock sharp.

the support of religion, the bible, nature and reason. Much of his language is technical but out of the resume which he has given the press there is a paragraph which the non-technical layman may clearly understand. This paragraph follows:

Occurrences now regarded as occult can be examined and reduced to order by the methods of science carefully and consistently applied. Already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond death.

The saints of old pictured the heavenly realm as an abode guarded with pearly gates and with streets paved with gold. This is, of course, a figure—figment of the imagination, the scoffer would say. But if finite man can take Fulton's steamboat and evolve an Imperator, what may God in his infinite wisdom not do with a human soul pulsating with the desire for eternal life? Sir Oliver Lodge gives voice to the wisdom of the ages: "Personality persists beyond death."

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

They are not dead, they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serene sphere.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no death.

The Parting Guest.

Chicago, 10th October, 1913. DEAR SCOOP:—May I be permitted to express my deepest gratitude to the Board of Directors of the Press Club of Chicago for the courtesy shown me during my stay in Chicago, and to all the dear boys who did their best to make me feel in Chicago as at home? I will be very glad to entertain any member of the Club who may visit Russia and be in Moscow, any day and any year. A letter addressed Moscow, Box 732, will reach me.

Cordially yours,

LEON E. BROKMAN.



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- ¶ All the conveniences and appurtenances of a modern hotel are found here with the one exception of sleeping accommodation.
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- ¶ A garage is provided for motor carriages.
- ¶ Numerous entrances and exits, independent of each other and opening onto the streets, provide free and direct movement of traffic to and from the immense train sheds and waiting room.
- ¶ The passenger terminal is located on Madison Street, between Canal and Clinton Streets, in the midst of the city's greatest activities, and is reached direct by no less than four great thoroughfares of traffic leading directly to and from the adjacent hotels and business district.

